

VOL. 1, No. 4 | SPRING 2021

OUR ART AND ARTISTS

WPQ

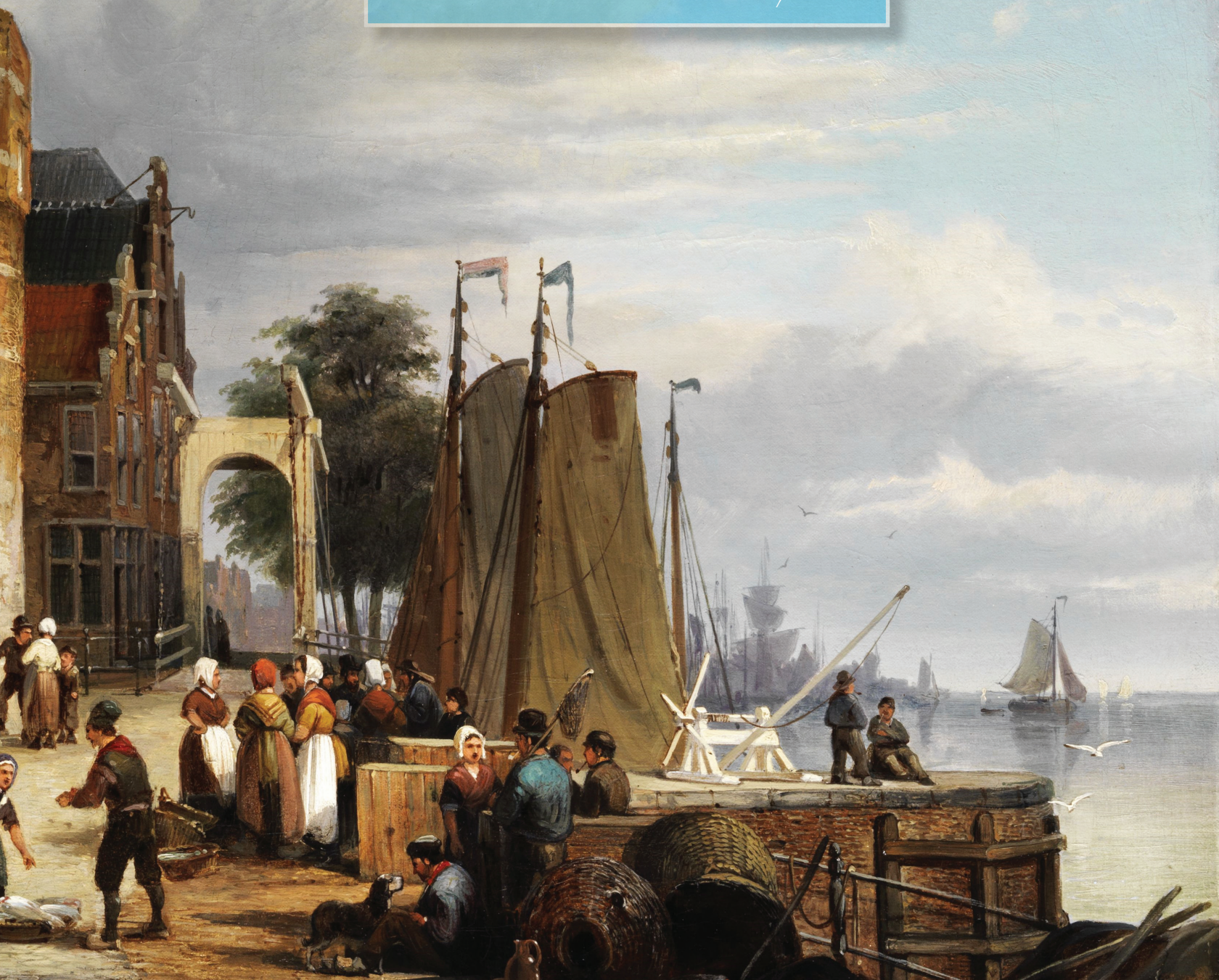


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Thank you for supporting *The White People's Quarterly*—a non-political and family-friendly literary and culture magazine published by The White People's Press. We believe that White people have the right to maintain and assert a positive shared identity, and provide a platform for writers and artists who feel the same. Our primary intent is to raise awareness of white interests and discuss in a mature and productive manner the issues most important to our collective well-being.

—*The White People's Press*

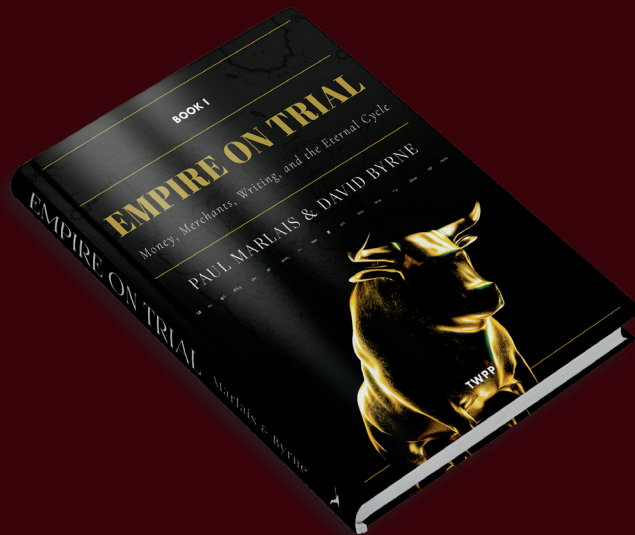


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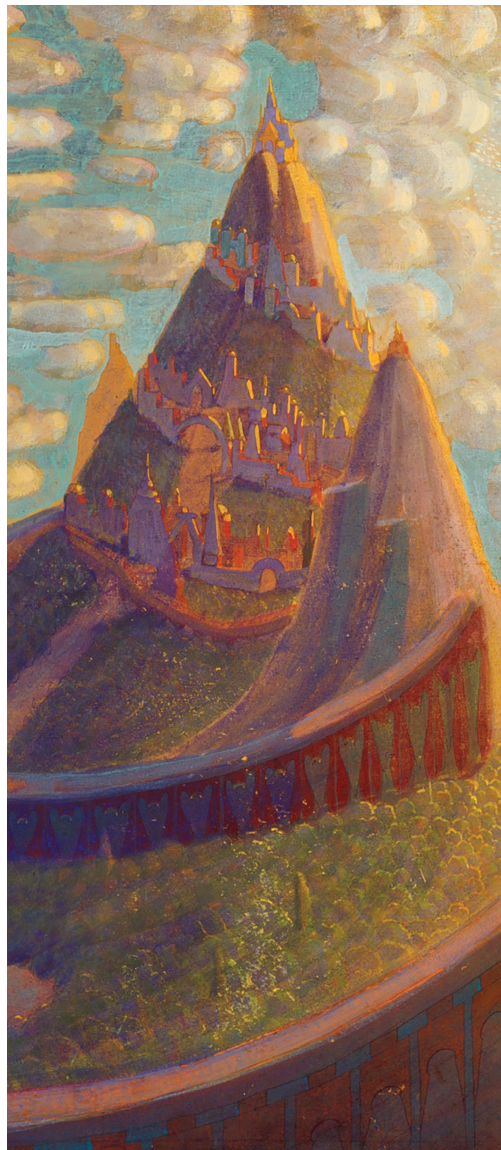
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- Kosher laws go back over 3300 years, intricately detail which foods Jews are allowed to consume, and dictate the methods in which foods must be prepared.¹
- The popular Gluten-Free certification is performed by a subsidiary of the largest kosher agency in the world, OU Kosher.²
- Kosher certification requires extensive verification by “rabbinical experts” known as “mashgiachs,” who determine whether products are made in accordance with kosher law.³
- Kosher certification agencies monitor the status of our food products by maintaining records of their ingredients and auditing food manufacturers and their facilities to ensure their tribal laws are being adhered to.⁴
- There are around 635 kosher certification agencies in the United States alone, and 1427 worldwide.⁵
- The majority of packaged grocery products in the United States are kosher certified, but revenue derived from this religious practice is highly secretive, and few consumers can even recognize a kosher seal.⁶

¹ www.ok.org/companies/frequently-asked-questions/

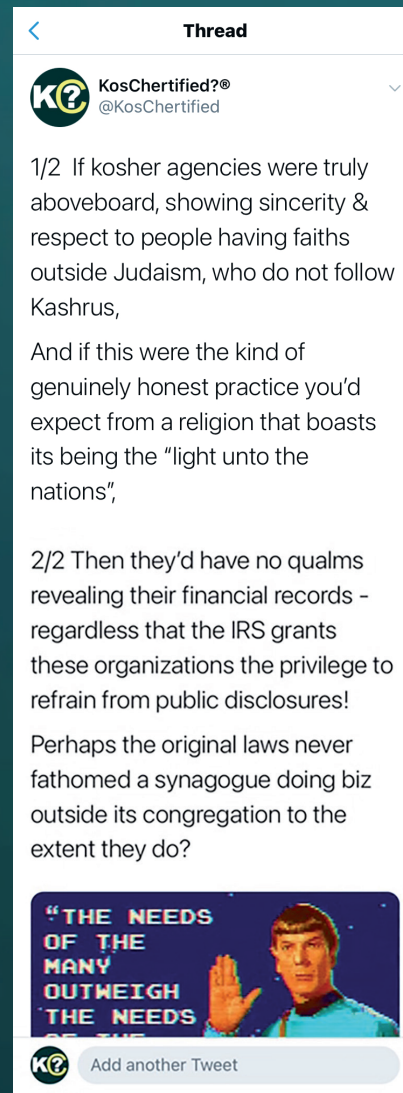
² “New Food Safety Program: Independent Certification Program For Gluten-Free Food Processing.” OU Kosher. OU Kosher Staff, Sept. 27, 2005.

³ www.ok.org/companies/frequently-asked-questions/

⁴ Ibid

⁵ The Kosher Supervision Guide. Kashrus Institute: Brooklyn, New York; 2020.

⁶ “A Quantitative Study of Kosher Certification: Seal Visibility and Public Awareness.” TheKosherQuestion.com



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Submissions for Future Issues

Submissions for future issues of *The White People's Quarterly* are always open, and pitches are welcome. We are interested in publishing and promoting fiction, creative non-fiction, poetry, literary criticism, book reviews, artwork, photography, and any other creative work that falls outside those categories but fits with our mission. We welcome manuscripts and book ideas. Information about our submission guidelines is available at: www.whitepeoplepress.com/submit

Submissions should include an introduction and a short description of the work being submitted, and be sent to the following address: submissions@whitepeoplepress.com

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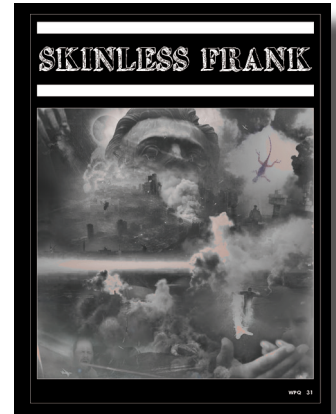
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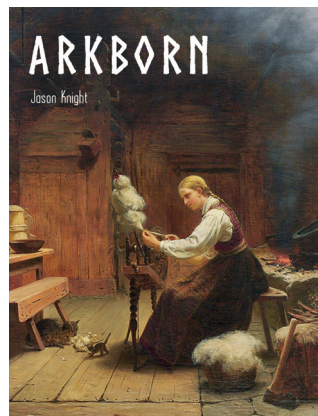
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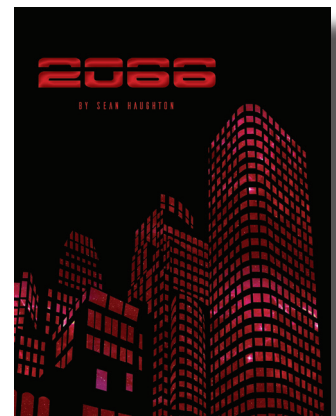
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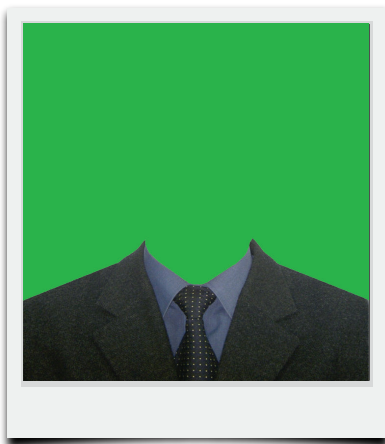


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"Winding Down," pen & ink with watercolor, 9"x12", 2019, by Herrmann Radwulf.



THE THIRD ISSUE OF *The White People's Quarterly* was our most successful to date, and we have our wonderful supporters to thank for this accomplishment. After a ten-month hiatus, we have returned stronger than ever and, in addition to the magazine, have added a number of books to our lineup, along with a new magazine, *Europe & Diaspora*, produced by the talented team of Ike Knosp and Rhiannon. But our biggest success in 2020 was the release of *Folk*, a coffee table book organized by Jared George and featuring an all-star cast of contributors: Ricardo Duschesne, Jason Köhne, Jeff Winston, Ash Donaldson, Ilenia, E. Chars, Laura Towler, Lovely Porridge, Liv Heide, and John Bruce Leonard. Another notable feat was our publication of the first explicitly White-positive illustrated children's book, *My Mirror Tells A Story*, by Spencer J. Quinn and Anthony Coulter.

We look forward to building on these as the year progresses with new titles such as Paul Marlais and David Byrne's groundbreaking book *Empire on Trial*, Charlie Chisholm's illustrated children's book *A People Called American*, Alastair Spate's *Journal of the Plague Months*, Edward Martel's novel *Ethnopolis*, the long-awaited *50 Classic Tales for Western Children*, and more.

But *The White People's Quarterly* remains the mainstay of The White People's Press, and it is with great pleasure that we introduce the fourth issue, which includes the exquisite cover piece by Donald Kent, and features Q&As with additional artists

EDITOR'S LETTER

ISSUE Nº 4

like J. LeDarc and Skinless Frank. Featured writing by John Malt, Sean Haughton, Martin Friedrich, and Jason Knight top off the issue, and music correspondent Mama P. returns with another musician profile in her sit-down with Jody K. Althaea Promethiea and Jason Köhne have also put together a spectacular list recognizing those who have made sacrifices for the cause of White well-being—a wonderful concept given the risks so many take on a daily basis to raise the consciousness of our folk and bring them together so that we may form a collective defense against those who wish to do us harm.

We are also proud to recognize our continual and growing number of sponsors, including KosChertified, The White Art Collective, Mighty White Soap Co., WhiteDate.net, and Antelope Hill Publishing. Dire though the situation may seem within the West, we should never forget that the number of people realizing that it is okay to adopt a positive White identity grows daily. We remain at the inception point of a transformation in consciousness that will take many generations to unfold in full, working toward the goals of regaining our sovereignty and reestablishing our societies, but hope is never lost, and however long the haul, we will get there.

Tony Vermont
Editor in Chief





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By Proxy

JOHN MALT



IN THE 1980s AND 90s, I remember a popular soundbite advertising weekly TV dramas: “the character you love to hate.” Every TV drama had a villain that viewers “loved to hate.” The villain was always scheming, conniving, wealthy and beautiful—perfect for hating. And since viewers dutifully tuned in every week without fail, I’d say that the assessment was accurate; they truly *did enjoy* the backstabbing, the plot twists, and the simple satisfaction of having a devil to despise. Audiences never seemed to tire of it; the drama shows went on for years, often with the same villains, and nobody asked themselves why they were so devoted to characters they ostensibly hated.

“Loving to hate” is a paradox, but not a contradiction. Indeed, many people wouldn’t know what to do with themselves without a devil to focus on. Instead of feeling proper revulsion at such an unhealthy fixation, many people have developed a taste for it. Scorning a villain makes them feel important, self-righteous, and *alive*. Instead of a rare and guarded emotion that is reserved for true evil, hatred is now common and casual. Fictional TV characters are hated. Sports teams are hated. Politicians are *always* hated. Even vague archetypes are hated—for instance, “racists” or “homophobes.” Editorials and news segments opposing these fiends appear daily, and their smallest misdeeds are eagerly avenged, often by those with no personal stake in the matter. Rage now occupies a large portion of our consciousness; it’s almost ritualistic. Ironically, we feel better knowing that there are bad people in the world. It’s no coincidence that we find more and more sins—micro-aggressions, remarks, even

thoughts—to feed the ever-growing demand for sinners, to arouse our righteous indignation. We trumpet our noble disapprovals at work and in the public square, and then broadcast them on social media for extra mileage: tweet, retweet, pin the tweet, rinse and repeat. It’s our national pastime. We love to hate.

WERE WE ALWAYS THIS WAY? Can we remember a time when we didn’t have feelings of disdain so often? Sadly, many of us can’t—or would prefer not to. But if we’re

deserved God’s grace, or Jesus’s sacrifice; and that the first step to redemption was to acknowledge that we were born sinners. I think that was the first time I was taught to feel guilty without having actually done something. I hadn’t done anything at all—I was just born. I remember resenting the teacher for making me feel bothered by my very existence. That *was* the message; we weren’t told that we were merely young, and had a lot to learn before we grew up. We were taught that we were *inherently* flawed, in a way that would never, and could

“

‘Diversity’ went from a buzzword to a crusade. Every decision, no matter how small, had to be gauged by its impact on non-Whites. We couldn’t pick our own teams for group projects; they had to be diverse. Awards and honors weren’t given by merit; they had to be diverse. Art, music, and literature had to have non-White themes; participation was mandatory. No corner of life was exempt from the new religion.

honest, we *can* remember the first times we were taught to feel troubled by something that wasn’t clearly wrong—*obviously* wrong, like hitting someone, or stealing—and that having that anxious feeling somehow made us better people. For me, I was three or four years old. I was in pre-school, and we were learning about God and Jesus. We were told that we could *never* repay God for the gift of life, or Jesus for dying for our sins. Further, we were told, subtly but surely, that we were all very selfish, base and ungrateful creatures, who barely

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never, be fully cured. And so I was introduced to guilt by nature; and redemption through acknowledgment. I was taught to *feel bad without any action taken*.

It didn’t end there. Grade school taught me to feel shame for all kinds of alleged offenses—xenophobia, transphobia, this phobia, that phobia—but again, like in pre-school: for simply being me. No hitting or stealing required—I was guilty, and I owed. This time though, the Original Sin was different. Instead of just having been born, this time the



sin was having been born White. And again, we were given a really hard sell. White people in general—and White men in particular—were guilty of few things obviously bad, but—according to the teachers—everything inherently bad. We had privilege, we had imposing customs, we had oppressive power structures, we had systemic inequities. We had a history of injustice. We had houses that were too big (compared to everyone else) and too much food on our plates (compared to everyone else). We had the safest, cleanest neighborhoods, (at everyone else's expense) the highest test scores and the lowest illegitimacy rates (at everyone

else's expense). We were beautiful by making others ugly. We were tall by making others short. Their mothers were fat because our mothers were thin. Their fathers left because our fathers stuck around. Everything was our fault, one way or another. In the soap opera called *American History*, we were the villain.

And we were taught to love to hate ourselves.

I'm not joking, or speaking metaphorically. We *did* hate ourselves, we did love it, and many of us still do. Looking back, it's not even hard to see how it all happened. Most conflicts can be reduced to fight or flight. But flight was impossible;

we couldn't flee our race. We couldn't flee our teachers either; this was real life; we couldn't change the channel. So we defaulted to fight. Very well; but fight whom? A few of us fought our accusers, but most of us fought ourselves. And like I said: we developed a taste for it.

HOW? HOW COULD WE EVER love to hate ourselves? If nothing else: it was better than *hating* to hate ourselves. But also, just like in pre-school, owning up to our Built-In Guilt was a virtue. If we could acknowledge our inherent evil—the stain called Whiteness—then that was at least *something* we were doing right. If we couldn't escape our Whiteness, we could at least properly loathe it. This was still painful, but it was easier than fighting back. (Not to mention safer.) So we slowly started rejecting ourselves. In small ways at first; it began with just accepting certain rules without complaint—no clubs for White people; no scholarships for White people; can't have too many Whites in the school play; recite the Diversity Pledge. We made what we thought were small concessions; we did our best to get along. But the compromises only bred more contempt from our peers and elders. The demands on us became greater and greater. "Diversity" went from a buzzword to a crusade. Every decision, no matter how small, had to be gauged by its impact on non-Whites. We couldn't pick our own teams for group projects; they had to be diverse. Awards and honors weren't given by merit; they had to be diverse. Art, music, and literature had to have non-White themes; participation was mandatory. No corner of life was exempt from the new religion. All our social interactions became more tense, because we could be accused of the dreaded Racism. Some girls were afraid to say no if non-White boys asked

them to dance. We could never relax and be ourselves, even if we weren't hurting anyone.

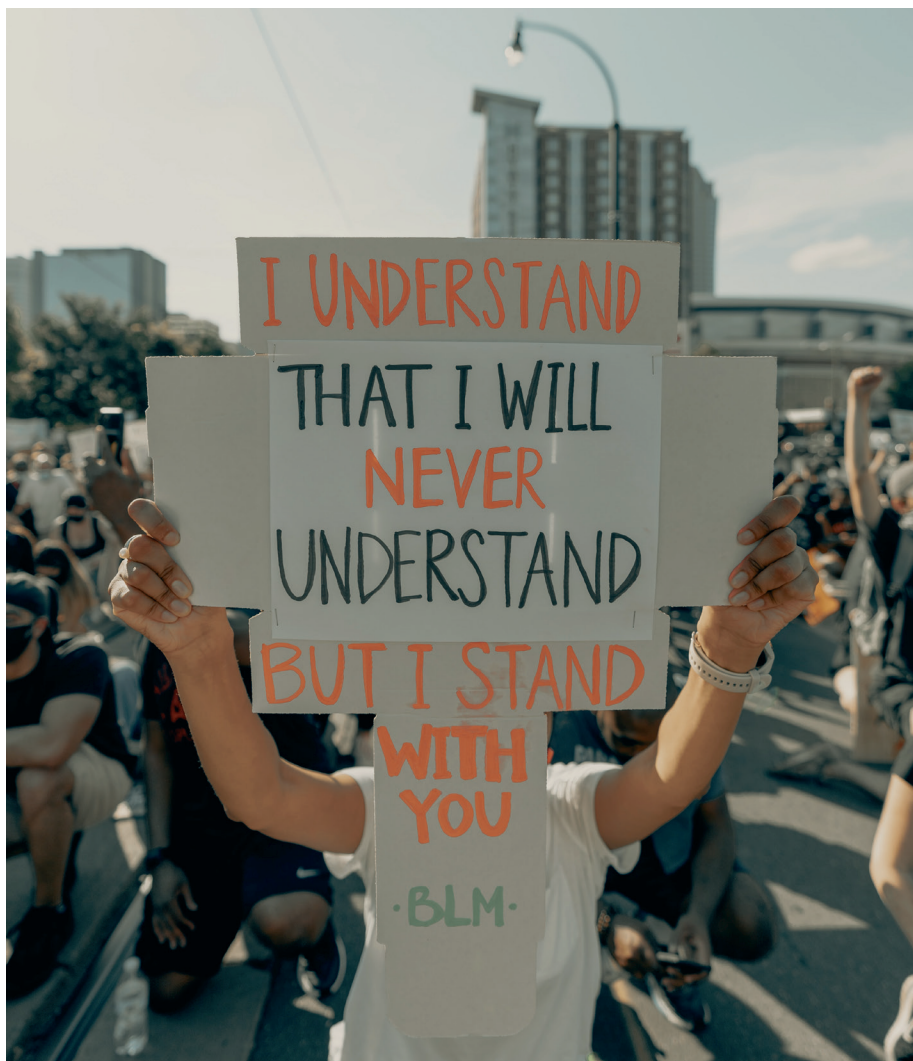
But the true injury—worse than the physical violence we were threatened with, and sometimes received—was that over time,

“

some of us actually came to *believe* what was at first just recited lines to get through the day. We started to *believe* that our very presence hurt the other races. We started to *believe* that we were history's villains, and that we didn't deserve the same privileges as everyone else. On some

[O]wning up to our Built-In Guilt was a virtue. If we could acknowledge our inherent evil—the stain called Whiteness—then that was at least something we were doing right. If we couldn't escape our Whiteness, we could at least properly loathe it. This was still painful, but it was easier than fighting back.

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level we knew that wasn't right at all; but "right" was a word that applied to everyone but us. Whites didn't have rights, we had duties. This wasn't lost on the non-Whites either, and there was the constant threat that they'd use their upper hand. The stress became crippling. It started affecting us psychologically, to the point where we *self-denied* in apprehension; we surrendered without a fight. Why not? We knew we'd be denied anyway.

Eventually it became our understood policy. We denounced our Whiteness as often and as loudly as we could. *Denounced*, and *renounced*. We didn't complain when we were treated unfairly, and sometimes we went out of our way to treat *ourselves* unfairly. Sure, it hurt; but at least we weren't "bigots." And besides, we were told, it was nothing compared to what the other races had gone through in the past. So that justified our abuse today. And like I said, our teachers (and our non-White classmates) weren't exactly open to debate. (Some topics, like the Holocaust, were *legally* not open to debate. Best not to bring up Slavery, either, if you knew what was good for you.) So in more ways than one, we were invested in our own alienation. We were against Whiteness; we were anti-White. On any given issue, you could bet that we were anti-White. We hung our hat on it. It was our new identity—or lack of it. What else could we do? Fight or flight, remember?

THAT WAS THE PROCESS OF OUR self-disownership. It started as a last resort, became a grudging acceptance, and gradually grew to a familiar way of life. We were trained; we were *broken*. Through time and pressure, the way water slowly erodes a foundation. Self-hatred is so unnatural that it requires those conditions. But it was never a conscious decision. Nobody ever said "starting

“

Nobody ever said ‘starting today, I will hate myself.’ That’s so monstrous that no one could ever do it. Nobody consciously enjoys hating himself—or any actual person. We were taught to hate an idea of injustice—an archetype, an avatar—and then, we were taught to love heroic victory over it. That was the trick—we were sold on virtue as hatred of an idea—not any deed or act, and (supposedly) not any people. Nobody was asking us to disown ourselves, we were told; only White ‘privilege’ and White ‘oppression.’ That’s what everyone had a duty to ‘dismantle.’

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It might have been confusing at first, but like I said, we became accustomed to it, and eventually we came to need it. The matter

wasn’t negotiable, even in the privacy of our own minds; we didn’t want to admit to ourselves that we were being



scapegoated. And we could see that the world outside school wasn’t much different. Subconsciously we knew we had a huge problem, with no end in sight. If we were going to stay sane, we needed a psychological escape. So, like all abused children, we told ourselves that our caregivers had to be right; we told ourselves that our treatment was as it should be; we convinced ourselves that we *did* have unfair advantages. We forced ourselves to be ashamed of our race, and whenever we saw someone who wasn’t, we were quick to harass them, even though deep down we wanted the same freedom. *Because* deep down *we wanted* the same freedom.

We were projecting our own faults—what we were *taught* were faults—onto each other. That was the only relief we could find—we couldn’t escape our Whiteness, so we had to properly loathe it. It was required of all good people. So we competed to be the most anti-White, and we tripped over ourselves finding

new heretics. We got a kind of emotional high from it, regardless of what—or who—was the object of our wrath. *An emotional high from moral ridicule.* From scorning the villain. Just like you “hate” the villain on TV, who is completely fictional, and a caricature at that, but you still can’t get enough of her. *We* couldn’t get enough of the villain called White Privilege. No one taught us that this obsession was poisonous at best, and suicide at worst; and that being morally good consisted of very different virtues.

Wanting to be morally good might have been the most dangerous weapon

against us. It wasn't just the guilt, combined with the constant pressure, although those alone might have been enough. But everyone naturally takes comfort in knowing they're a good person. It can become addicting, especially if you have few real accomplishments to your name. It's very tempting to substitute a spotless moral slate for solid achievements and true self-esteem, particularly when you're young. It doesn't help when you've been taught twisted notions of innate sin since pre-school Bible lessons. We had already learned guilt by birth; guilt by race was

just one more defect; we were already primed to accept it.

Even if we weren't, who could be against fighting "inequity"? Especially when you were told that you were benefiting from it. And always, always we were assured: we weren't really fighting ourselves, just "the system" or the "socio-economic status quo." It was always some *abstraction*. But you can't fight abstractions. Nothing stays abstract forever. Anything ending in *-ness* or *-ism* will eventually end on a flesh-and-blood person. Taking down Whiteness

always means taking down White *people*. Someone eventually has to pay, literally or figuratively. Hating our alleged "privilege" had the same *effect* as hating ourselves. No matter how good it felt, or sounded. Our honest desire to be good—our love of fairness and justice—was channeled into hatred of an idea, which resulted in hatred of ourselves. Continual guilt and pressure ensured that we accepted it; an emotional boost from having the moral high ground ensured that we came back for more. It was nothing less than calculated child abuse.



SOME OF US, WHEN we're older, realize what happened to us and work on self-forgiveness. Others, though, can never seem to let go of their programming. They'll even *say* that they feel guilty for being White, and won't hear any reasons why they shouldn't. They're attached—addicted—to an identity they've been invested in for as long as they can remember. And they surely sense that to let go of their guilt, would be to acknowledge their abuse—which would mean a huge unraveling and reevaluation of practically their whole lives. A new identity for the future, plus a completely re-framed past, is almost too much to take on. But to anyone struggling with this—remember that there was a time, early in your life, when you would have been viscerally repulsed by any notion that you were guilty by

birth; or that your society had to be “dis-mantled”; or that you had to spend your life in service and deference to another race, and in disownership of your own. The abusers likely got to you very early, and began instilling self-hate disguised as virtue. No child can be blamed for failing to resist the adults upon whom they were wholly dependent. We can, and should, rid ourselves of all White Guilt.

Was there a connection between preschool, grade school, and the rest of life? Clearly we were being groomed to despise ourselves from day one. But were the same people behind it all? As fantastic as it sounds: yes, I believe they were. There aren't many coincidences left that I believe in. There is a vicious worldwide campaign against White people, and has been for decades. Only in recent years has it gone from subtle to overt.

The purpose of this story is to describe the nature and process of your abuse. The motive behind it all, is another discussion. But to anyone wanting to know who is orchestrating this horrific perversion—and why—I will say that, primarily, it is *not* other Whites; even if it appears to be. Look closer, and you will notice a common thread among the real power brokers of the world. The kind, and scale, of malice perpetrated on you is so maniacally wicked that it is almost inhuman. It can only be explained by a vendetta so deep—a grudge so ancient—that it spans not generations, but centuries. Today is only a late chapter. But the book is still being written, and we have as much authorship as our exploiters. ■

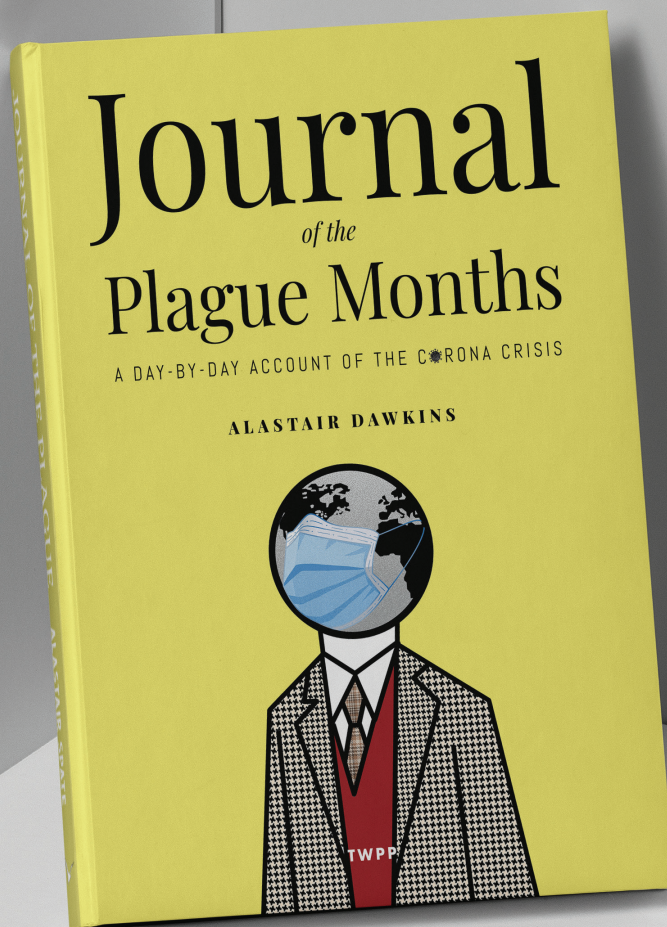
Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy



“A behavior pattern in which a caregiver deliberately exaggerates, fabricates, and/or induces physical, psychological, behavioral, and/or mental health problems in those who are in their care.”



Illustration of Baron Munchausen by Gustave Doré, 1862.



COMING SOON

WWW.WHITEPEOPLEPRESS.COM



Here's to Jody Kay

 **Interview by Mama P.**

I was instantly captivated by Jody Kay. Her voice, her songwriting, musicianship, beauty, charm, and uncompromising and palpable love of her country and our people drew me in and invited me to join her in a melodic conversation she directed, but still had room for me. Most of her songs are just she and her guitar, and that is plenty. There is room to breathe in her songs, and her melodies combined with her angelic voice envelop one's senses like a favorite childhood blanket. It will be difficult to convey the allure of her music using only words, but with her help, I'll try.



O

N YOUR SOCIAL
MEDIA accounts

**you are the White Butterfly—
why?**

I'm called the White Butterfly because my mum always described me as a butterfly when I was a child. Into absolutely everything, landed on one thing, and then moving onto the next. Plus the butterfly represents such a transformational journey, and I see it as my power animal.



**When did you first find music,
or when did music find you?**

Thankfully, I've always had music in my life as my father is a musician, and when I was in playgroup (preschool), my dad would bring his guitar and sing nursery rhymes with us, which are fond memories.

But the moment that sealed my musical bond was when I was around 4 or 5 years old. I had a cassette tape (that I think was lent to me by my school teacher) and it had Pachelbel's Canon in D piece, and I listened to this fixed and mesmerized. At that age I was too young to vocalise what was happening, but looking back, this was when I first felt the power of music. (I wonder if it was that moment that led me to compose most of my songs in D and D minor?)



What was the first instrument you learned to play, and how many do you play anyway?!

I always remember a keyboard being in the house, so I was twinkling from early years, but the first instrument I actually practiced was the guitar.

I had my heart set on a flute and I was hoping my pocket money would buy me one! But I would be saving for years for a flute, so instead my dad sold me his guitar for twenty pounds. He showed me the basic chords, and the rest was through self-learning and experimenting. I finally got onto the flute when I was eleven, the tenor Saxophone at age fourteen, the bass guitar at sixteen along with the piano.

When and why did you first start writing songs?

I was very young when I started writing. Everything around me was always inspiration for me, and during school I was often with my head in the clouds, putting words together. But I started putting words to music when I was around thirteen. (I've been thinking of releasing my first ever song.)

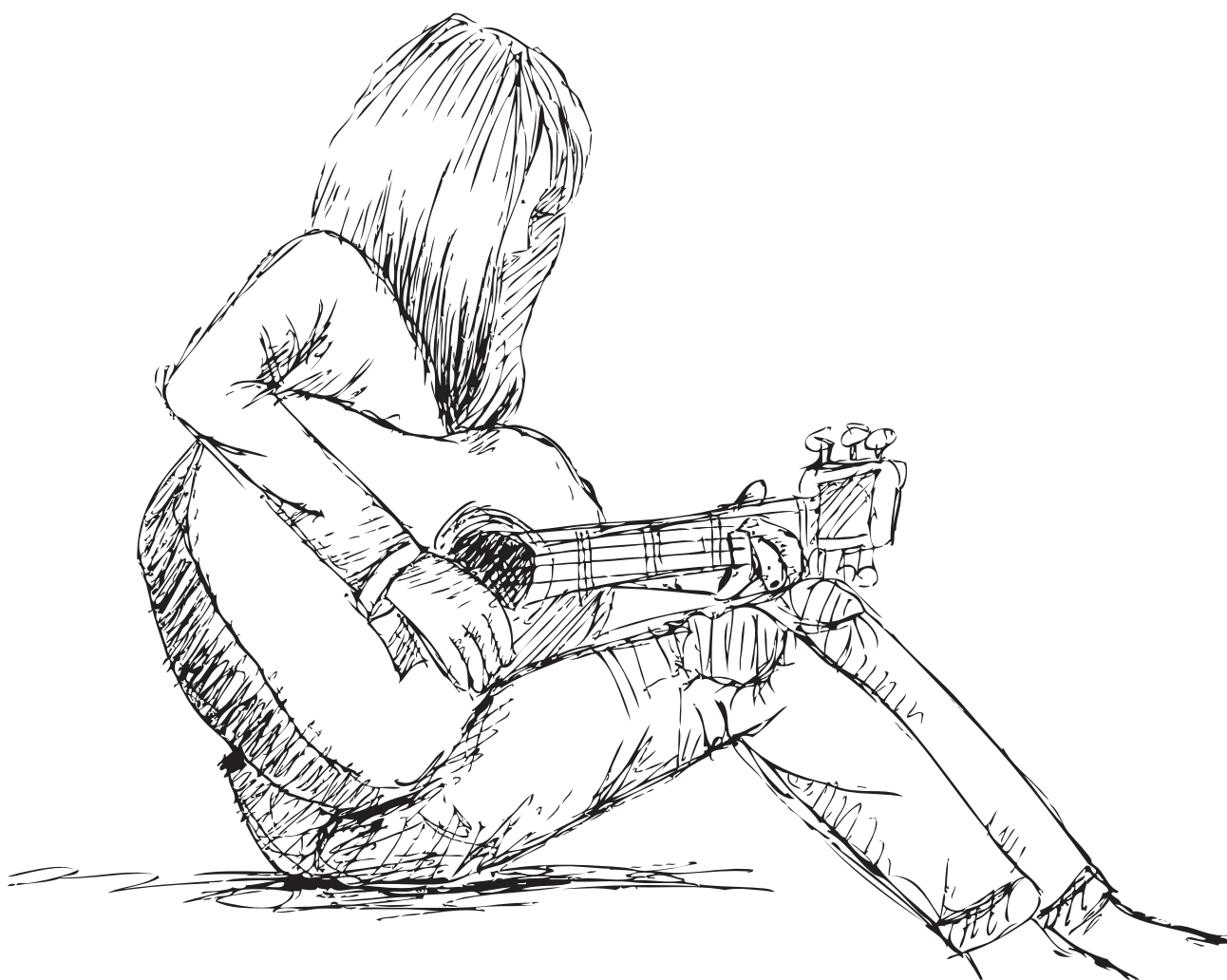
I started writing because it was the natural thing for me to do. I was very aware of my emotions from a young age, (I was a child with depression and I was aware of my own depths), and I found that song writing was a way for me to understand what I was feeling, and I hoped that my songs

would be a comfort to others like they were for me.

I often felt that the reason I used to feel what I did (and still do), was so that I could put the experience into words for others that were feeling the same, but maybe didn't know how to express themselves.

I've caught a few of your livestream gigs, you are a natural performer! Have you performed before live audiences before? Will you in future?

I used to go to Summer School for music and drama workshops, and I was performing in front of large



“I was very young when I started writing. Everything around me was always inspiration for me, and during school I was often with my head in the clouds, putting words together.”



audiences from the age of fourteen, but my first ever gig was during college when I was sixteen. I joined a few bands when I was seventeen and we toured the south of England, the seven of us, and we were like electricity when we played. When the band broke up, I took my solo music to the next step and really found my own voice and my style.

I love being on stage, for me, it's like coming home. So yes, as soon as I'm able, I will be on stage.

You lived away from your home of England for a decade, what brought you back?

It's hard to pinpoint one thing, as there were many factors; wanting to be near my ageing parents was high on the list. But listening to certain podcast—Mark Collett in particular, he said to his audience, “If you're living abroad, come back home,” and I remember those words so clearly. And after waking up to Patriotism and Nationalism, and seeing

what was happening back home, there was no way I could watch it from a distance. I wanted to get back and join my people.

What compelled you to be an outspoken advocate for our people?

In one word, God. God blessed me with the gift of music and song, and growing up listening to the artists from the hippie era gave me such a drive to write songs with meaning, depth and purpose. So I started writing protest songs, and songs of hope many years ago. And then when I woke up to the reality of our world, that same drive led me to stand up and speak out.

How does your advocacy inform your songwriting?

I've always been a voice for justice, faith, joy and love, but I now feel as though I know, specifically, what needs saying. So in that sense, my advocacy has sharpened my vision and focus.

I've been writing and performing for years, but I've finally found my audience. I'm blessed to be among

those who are sharing their gifts at this pinnacle point in time. To quote one of my songs from my early years:

"Live the truth and fight the fears, 'cos together you and me, we're making history"

What does the future hold for you?

I used to think that I knew the answer to this, but with our current times, I don't think any of us can truly answer this. But what I do know, is that it will be a future that I'm doing my best to preserve.

A future that still knows the meaning of humanity. A future that encourages children to play, learn and to dream. A future that those living it know that we made sacrifices, like our ancestors made for us. A future generation that will be prepared to make those same sacrifices, should the need arrive, but the future I see . . . there won't be that need, because I see a future of God's kingdom, where heaven becomes earth, and earth becomes heaven.

In my future, we all live happily ever after. . . . ■



Where to find them



jodykay.com



@thewhitebfly



facebook.com/I-am-Jody-Kay-1806656156261559



mamaspepes.com



@mamaspepes



soundcloud.com/mamaspepes

“[A]fter waking up to Patriotism and Nationalism, and seeing what was happening back home, there was no way I could watch it from a distance. I wanted to get back and join my people.”





SKINLESS FRANK



Were you interested in becoming an artist from an early age and how has your style evolved along the way?

Yes, I come from both a creative family and a family in which military service was very prominent, so becoming an artist was a natural path for me to take. After leaving school and going straight into the military, I left to pursue a formal education in art. This transition provided a unique perspective to my studies amongst my college-processed cohort. But for me, my experience in art education was nothing but positive. I didn't experience the Marxist

indoctrination personally, but perhaps going into it being a bit older and knowing my own mind helped. I was taught to ruthlessly critique and evaluate my work, which has stood me in good stead today. In terms of my style, digital processes have always been my medium, and during my academic studies I focused mainly on video- and lens-based media. Stylistically, my work has changed a lot, but what has remained consistent is my focus on expressing human experience and trying to evoke emotions in the viewer, rather than create more detached conceptual art.

Your work is extremely unique in that certain pieces can feel simultaneously nostalgic, utopian, and dystopian. What do you think of that interpretation (from a non-artist's perspective) and what types of reactions are you trying to elicit from the viewer?

That is exactly the type of response I am going for. Usually I don't go into a piece trying to get a specific message across, but rather have an idea of the type of imagery I want to include. I then build up the layers looking for opportunities to explore contradictions and juxtapositions





of imagery. I feel that my most successful pieces almost have a dream-logic to them, meaning that the elements work together cohesively, but the connections between them are more subconscious rather than straightforward, narratively speaking. I want the viewer to be able to revisit my work and arrive at their own meaning and see new things each time. I will also often hide or subtly include 'Easter egg' imagery within my work.

What are your thoughts on the White-positive art scene generally? What are we doing right, what are we doing wrong, and where can we improve?

One of our greatest weaknesses is also our greatest strength, which is the demonization of the scene in general. Obviously, factors like deplatforming, censorship, verbal abuse and sometimes physical violence are nasty things, but the constant propaganda against our ideas gives it the power of the taboo and the forbidden that attracts people, even though some may not initially admit it, even to themselves. Like others, I often get tentative messages from those who are curious about our ideas but not fully committed, so I feel it's important for us to conduct ourselves in an approachable manner. I also believe now we are currently at the stage where we are focusing our energies on building and creating within our respective fields, instead of just railing against what we don't like. This is a very good thing, because when the initial novelty of the 'taboo' wears off, we actually need to have something of substance to offer.

In terms of visual art, in my experience, I feel that there is often a reluctance for visual artists in the scene to take risks, which can make the art's purpose to merely provide a direct message rather than explore any deeper or more personal ideas. I think this is holding us back. In comparison, the music scene does this very well and in my opinion is way ahead of the visual art scene. There are so many talented musicians producing beautiful music in various genres, and the lyrics are not just on the nose message-wise, but go beyond that. The visual art scene should take note of this. I also







think there is a negative aspect of being too involved in online environments, since, although it is necessary for what we do, it is also easy to get distracted and take things out of perspective or waste energy with petty in-fighting.

On the plus side, however, I think we are very good at supporting and promoting each other, as well as collaborating by channeling our individual talents into collective works that achieve a unified, common goal. This can be a very powerful tool, and it's why I always look for opportunities to work with others.

Which artists or periods of art have inspired you the most?

In terms of direct inspiration, Greco-Roman statues are frequently the initial starting points for my own pieces, and involve visiting various museums and exploring my photography skills. The collection at the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge is a particular favourite of mine, and an absolutely awe-inspiring place. Francisco Goya is also a great inspiration, and in a way I feel I am doing my own version of his 'Black Paintings'. Goya is a good example of how exploring

the personal resonates more than trying to cater to the masses. There is an interesting story behind that series, one worth looking into for those who don't know.

Cinema has also had a big impact on me, and was a previous passion of mine, although these days I find most things difficult to watch. David Lynch is one influence, with the way he evokes a mood through sound and visuals, and explores subconscious dream-logic and dark psychological elements, leaving meaning to interpretation, but doing so in a way that doesn't result in unresolved dissatisfaction, but imaginative enrichment. Italian 'giallo' films have a similar feel, and I love how they portray Italian architecture and fashion of the late 70s. They often have superb synth soundtracks and a disjointed feel, but also a 'flavour' you start to get a taste for. There is a distinctly European feel to them that is addictive, as well.

What can we do collectively to develop a stronger art scene and reach more people?

For one, continuing to work collectively and supporting each other, while understanding that this is a life-long endeavour. A calling, and not some 'club' that you join or worry about being 'rejected' by like it's some kind of football team. Find something that you are passionate about and keep working on it, master it the best you can and be a shining example to others—that is how you will expand the movement.

 @skinless_frank

 @the_falling_man

 @skinless__frank

 @skinless_frank

 teespring.com/en-GB/stores/skinless-frank-2



He'd come to the state of a thousand lakes
To run from the slums, the tribes and the drought.
Mohammed left kinfolk behind there
but never his angers and doubt.

The river folk had been borne out of traders,
raised in the habits of trust,
that a man becomes less of a stranger
whose price is fair, whose word is just.

Their winters were long, their God was hard,
his bounty seemed never enough.
Such souls fall into the habit of guilt,
as if payment on receipt of His love.

Thus they too easily loved the Mohammed
O, he could laugh and shine like the sun.
they gave as much of themselves as they could
—like a house, a badge; and his gun.

Justine, like them, blue-eyed and fair,
had gathered the river folk about her.
She'd come from a land where birds joke in the trees,
whose songs fill cities with laughter.

One night, out the back in her laneway,
she heard danger in a woman's scream.
Went to help, rushed back, called the police,
their instructions she was right to believe.

Then she ran to meet the patrol car,
To its window to make her report:
Mohammed simply shot as she stood there,
her body bled out on the walk.

While her corpse in the morgue lay cold,
death-white in a metal drawer,
a judge gave the sheriff the warrant
to break through her front door.

They took strands of her hair just as fair
as that of the river folk had been;
the scraps of her skin, her fingerprints,
the fluids of her secret seas.

And the river folk mourned and wept
as they stood at her lover's side;
she'd lived by the light of the best and by trust.
But it's also by trust that she died.

Mohammed in Minnesota

On the Murder of Justine Damond

BY
Alastair Spate



Homeric Crossroads

Martin Friedrich

HOMER'S *ILLIAD* IS A WORK OF transition, and in this way, it is a work of prophecy. Though the theme is subtle, one can trace through the narrative the thread linking two ages of man: the age of heroes and the age of (rationalistic) man.¹ Homer shows us the crossroads on which we stand; as with all prophecy, Homer's work weaves together both our nascence and our future as a Western People. The composite *now* is the moment of decision.

When the Greek hero Achilles faced Hector, the greatest of all Trojan warriors, near the city's walls, the two men negotiated the terms of the victor and the vanquished. Hector, *enlightened* and presaging the rationalistic fate of Western man, recognized the equality of both their worldly rank and their spiritual rank as men; under the law of both gods and men they were of one kind; in this respect, Hector recognized what men call *justice*. Hector's terms were that the victor will bury the vanquished; in this way, both men will have lived and died in honor.

Achilles, representing the bestial rearing and instincts of bygone days—Achilles, being born of a beautiful nymph and a powerful king—Achilles, a god among men, set the conditions of victory in stark contrast to those of the *enlightened* Hector: “When have men ever made pacts with lions? And when were wolves and lambs ever of one mind?” The great Achilles continued: “If I kill you, I will drag you naked, bound to

my chariot, three days around the walls of Troy, and finally I will give your body to my hunting dogs to eat.”

When Hector fell, Achilles kept his promise to drag the defeated body. Thus, it is shown that “the weak want laws; the powerful withhold them.”²

Homer was the greatest of all Western poets, and his work has been emulated for millennia. In this way, Homer is immortal. Homer reached immortality because he spoke of that spirit which yet endures: human nature. Though the arc of time sits beyond the scope of men, we can yet glimpse its full story: the thread of human nature links beginning to end. And though man makes pretensions to enlightenment, this is but a fabricated piece of the whole—a *whole* bestially reared, a

whole of instincts.

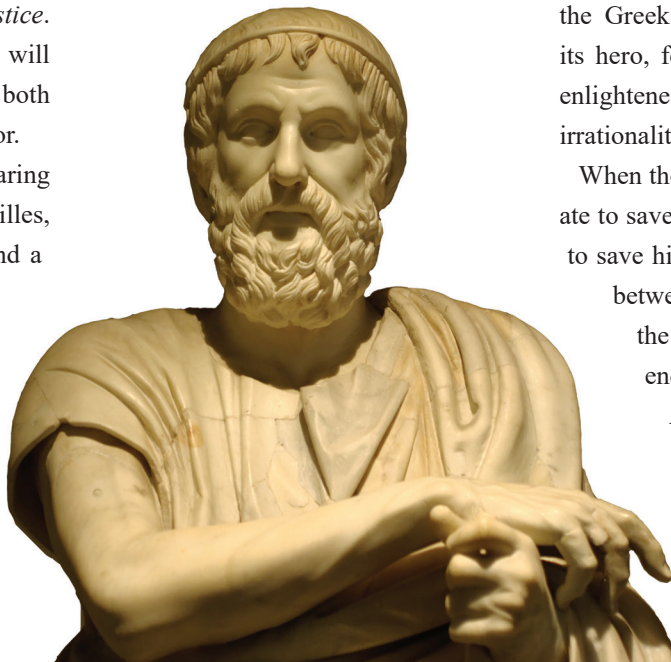
If we follow the thread of human nature into the future, we will see what Homer divined: the Enlightenment will have its time and that time will be vanquished by man's own primeval tether to irrationality, i.e., *life*.

We have been told of man's capacity for infinite progress. This is a bedtime story we tell ourselves, that we tell our children. We should take care, however; for what lurks beyond our walls—what sits in the open dark—is *that which comes to conquer*. When the enlightened one tries to reason with the snarling instinct, reason capitulates to power, honor submits to humiliation.

Achilles kept his promise: *this* is the promise of Homer. Achilles, like Homer, is immortal; Hector is known—if he is known at all—as the conquered prey of the Greek hero. Enlightened Troy, like its hero, fell. This is the fate of all the enlightened ones—because the tether of irrationality is wrapped too tightly.

When the enlightened one is so desperate to save the world, he loses the ability to save himself. This was the difference between Hector and Achilles. This is the arc that connects beginning to end.

According to legend, from the remnants of pillaged, enlightened Troy arose a new People; a People yet beholden to the bestial rearing that so swiftly struck down the



Statue of Homer from the Villa of the Papyri. Image courtesy Berthold Werner.



Triumphant Achilles, by Franz von Matsch, 1895, depicting a scene from the *Iliad* where Achilles drags the body of Hector past the gates of Troy.

“ Enlightenment anticipates the fall because it is, fundamentally, a letting down of one’s guard. ”

enlightened ones; a People yet beholden to the primeval instincts their gods demanded of them: the Romans.

The Romans passed through their gods, their heroes, and finally through their dissolute men. Their Empire and influence were beyond measure, born of strength and violence. Yet when the rationalistic men arrived, dissipation followed, and the conquerors became the conquered. Constantinople, like Troy, fell with a violent whimper. And in its fall were scattered the seeds of our modern age.

In cultural pathology, the bedtime story of progress is as fantastical as the hopes of northern reinforcements whispered among the Byzantine nobility the night before Constantinople’s sacking. Under the arc of time, we do not see one large, ever-growing cultural tree; instead, we see a number of distinct plants—all separate cultures with their separate fruits and flowers. We see the birth, rise, decline, and fall of cultures. But, most importantly, we see a pattern inherent in this pathology: enlightenment comes before the fall.

Enlightenment anticipates the fall

because it is, fundamentally, a *letting down of one’s guard*: in it, all men are fundamentally good, capable, and worthy of progress. An enlightened Achilles, if he wins, will bury his honorable foe. Yet this betrays the Homeric wisdom; the arc of time is linked by but one thread: the thread of human nature. To be sure, human nature is both Achilles *and* Hector; yet human nature is not driven by abstractions or any pretensions of enlightenment, but by *power*. Ultimately, it is the Achillean promise which will be fulfilled: the victor will not just reap the spoils, but will ignite the future, fertilize the fields with the blood of the fallen, and thus continue the thread divined by Homer so long ago.

Escape the tether of irrationality, we cannot. Meet our ever-present foes with the Achillean barbarism so near the successes of our ancestors, we can. Should we fail to meet this challenge narrated by the span of human existence, we will surely fall by the hands of others who *are* compelled to continue the Homeric thread: the ancestral heroes of future ages.

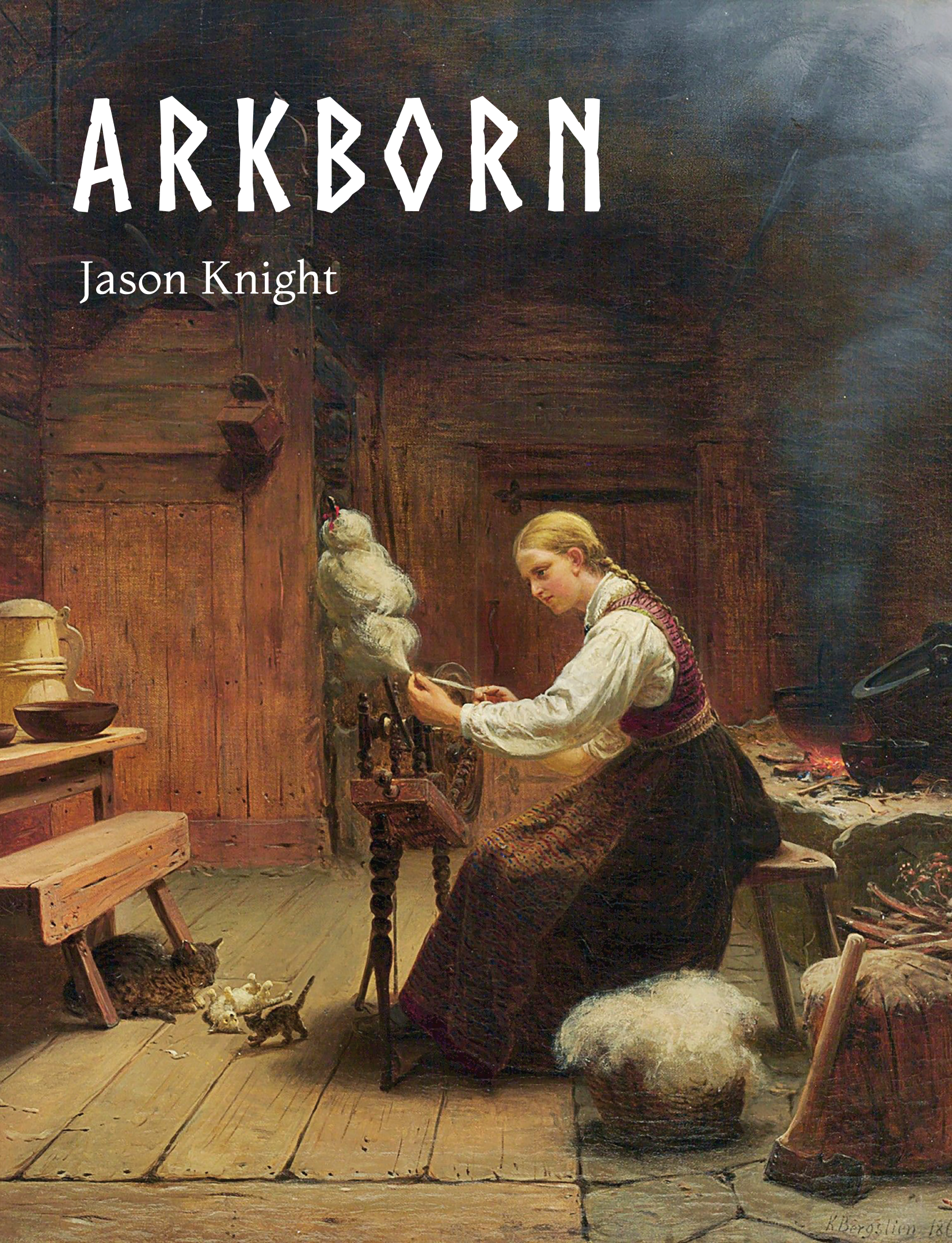
We are on this earth for such a brief moment; let us not be lulled to sleep by any bedtime story, no matter how pleasant. We are on this earth for but one purpose: let us preserve our lineage and defend the culture which birthed it; anything less is conspiring with the enemy. And who is the enemy? It is he who tells us that justice will conquer human nature, for justice itself is defined and redefined by immortal human nature. No matter how many times the story is told, Hector always loses to Achilles. This is because the story does not change; and it is also because Achilles is immortal. It is Homer we should thank for chronicling our heroic past; and it is to Homer that we are indebted for showing us our future. But now is our moment of decision, now we must decide which path to take: fallen Hector or victorious Achilles. ■

¹ Borrowing from Vico the successive ages from which “the nations will be seen to develop”: the ages of gods, heroes, and men. Giambattista Vico, *The New Science of Giambattista Vico*, unabridged., trans. Thomas Goddard (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1968), 335.

² Vico, 85.

ARKBORN

Jason Knight



SIGRÍÐUR WATCHED THE DANCING flames of the bonfire, making shadows waltz across the walls of the hut. Her father, a tall, high-cheek boned man of about 50 intoned the ancient words, calling forth images out of the flames. Just like her, he had black hair and gray fiery eyes. Her mother threw handfuls of dust into the fire, each waft of it making the picture clearer.

The scenes kept shifting: three men walking on shore, a boat dropping anchor outside their home, a pitched battle between tribes of barbarians . . . Sigrid understood none of it.

"This," her father said, "is our history."

"Why does it keep changing?" she asked.

"It's always like that, your first time. You'll get it with practice. It's hard to see what's right in front of you."

"But I'm looking right at it."

"Don't worry about it, you'll get it eventually," said her mother. She came over to her daughter. Her mother stood almost as tall as her father, with warm smiling eyes and childish dimples. She was the youngest of his six wives, having married him at only 19 years old.

It made the sting of jealousy a bit more painful for the other wives, when she'd delivered Sigrid. Sigrid's dragon tail meant she was the only one of Jarl Einar's children eligible to inherit the province of Hjinnerfell. Einar himself had griffin feet, marking him as a tal-onborn. Sigrid, they called a scaleborn. Every jarl since

Magnus the Great had had some kind of magical blessing in an unbroken line.

The fact that none of them up until Anna, Sigríður's mother, could produce an arkborn rubbed them rather the wrong way. Luckily, none of them could help but fall in love with Sigrid, and they soon forgave Anna for outdoing them. Einar, of course, did not take kindly to rivalry in his family.

Once Sigrid turned five, Einar knew he had to teach her their ways, and how to use the magical abilities she possessed. Unfortunately, he could see she lacked the natural talent he'd had when he was her age. He didn't let it bother him too much though, as he put out the bonfire and sent her outside to play.

A few more times ought to be enough, he thought. Most children started seeing real visions the second or third time. Anna helped him pick up the other materials he'd gathered for the lesson, which turned out to be unnecessary.

"I'm sorry to see she couldn't do more," Anna muttered, gathering things into her

arms. Einar stopped her from picking up a bottled potion, and took her hand. He kissed her palm gently.

"You and her are my pride and joy," he said. "She will be the greatest Jarl who yet lived."

"I know that, but—"

He kissed her, holding her close to him.

"You are still very young," he said. "Trust in the gods' path for her."

"Yes, my lord."

Outside, the wind blistered and blew snow over the fields on either side of the river. Neither the wind nor her lack of boots made Sigrid feel cold in the slightest. She ran around and jumped in the river, laughing as she splashed water everywhere. Chunks of ice floated around her, disturbed by her play.

Just then, a familiar bark distracted her.

"Stefan!" she called, seeing her dog standing on a snowy rock in the middle of the river. Stefan paced back and forth, occasionally dipping a paw in the icy water, before whimpering and withdrawing it. He couldn't stand temperatures as low as she could.

"Silly boy!" she waded over to him, and let him climb up into her arms. "Ice melts, Stefan! You must've walked on it, and then got stuck when it melted away!"

He licked her face and she laughed as she carried him back to shore. She let him down and he scurried off into the village as she walked along the road.

"I'm hungry," she said to herself, looking around. The village, quite removed from





their house, was full of merchants and travelers, selling all manner of goods and food. She hadn't any money, but being the Jarl's daughter and sole heir had its advantages.

"Can I have some jerky?" she asked a heavy-set, big-bearded butcher. The man grunted in a good-natured sort of way.

"Sure," he said, tossing her a piece. Jarl Einar made it known that he would pay for anything she took, but he supposed she could have that much for free.

As she was chowing down on her snack, a stranger rode into town, immediately drawing the attention of a crowd. Sigrid tried to follow everyone, but her small size made this too difficult. She fell back, unable to see anything as the man dismounted.

"By the gods!"

"But what is he doing—"

"An arkborn?"

The stranger halted the voices of the

crowd, which parted as he walked forward, straight toward Sigrid. Nervous, she immediately turned and tried to get out of his way, but he pointed and called out to her.

"You there! The scaleborn!"

She gulped, turning around to face him. Now that she had a good look at him, she saw a younger man, about 5 feet tall, with a short brown beard and mustache. But what about him made him an arkborn?

"Um . . . yes?" she asked.

He walked toward her, and knelt down to get on her level.

"You're the jarl's daughter, yes?"

"Yeah," she said.

"I must speak with him at once. Can you point me toward his home?"

Without a word, she did so, pointing back up the road.

"Thank you," he said, standing up.

"Um, who are you?" she asked.

"My name's Ragnar," he said. "And

yours?"

"Sigríður," she replied.

"Well-met, Sigríður, as one arkborn to another."

Speaking of which, he took off flying into the air, revealing his magic appendage: the wings of an eagle, marking him as a wingborn.

Consumed with curiosity, she chased after him as fast as her legs would carry her. Had she made some mistake? What business could this man have with the jarl? Would father be angry with her?

She actually almost beat him home thanks to the strong headwinds, coming inside into their house a few moments after he'd been welcomed inside.

"Goodness, she's a fast one!" said Ragnar, sitting before the fireplace next to Einar. Anna brought them both horns of mead.

"Of course," said Einar. "Sigríður, sit with us. I want you to hear what this man

has to say.”

“Why?” she said.

“Because he’s arkborn,” he replied.

“What’s he going to say?”

“I don’t know, but he sought me out all the way here in Hjinnerfell, so it must be important.” He spoke to Ragnar, “I’m trying to awaken her own abilities, you see.”

“Hmm. Well, I’m not sure how much this will help, but here goes. My wife has fallen ill with hvítur fótur.”

“By the gods,” said Einar. “How far has it progressed?”

“Too far for me to be of any use,” he replied. “I need a complicated spell, from a master.”

“I daresay you’ve come to the right place, friend. But how did you not notice it until now?”

“I was to sea, raiding,” he replied. “No one else in my village knew how to recognize the signs. When I got back, they didn’t even know what was wrong with her.”

“What’s hvítur fótur?” Sigrid asked.

“A magical form of frostbite, caused by a certain demon,” said Einar, clasping his hands in concern. “They hide in snowbanks, waiting for travelers to walk on them, then they latch on. If you’re lucky, they consume the feet. If not, they consume the entire body.”

“This one is already wrapped around her waist,” said Ragnar. “He’s quite foolhardy.”

“Indeed. I’ll need to go back to the bonfire hut to prepare the spell. No one disturb me.”

Anna took his horn from him, as he stood up, wrapped himself in a cloak and left. Ragnar smiled at the two of them.

“Your father’s a very good man. I hadn’t even offered him payment yet!”

“He’s a very rich man,”



said Anna. “And generous.”

“You’re awfully young,” Ragnar remarked. “I’m guessing you’re his third wife?”

“Sixth,” she replied, feeling a bit smug.

Ragnar whistled. “A very rich man indeed. And unlucky. Five wives, and not one of them gave him an arkborn?”

“If luck is his flaw, pride is mine,” she confessed.

“It’s well-earned,” he replied. “How many other children does he have?”

“Twenty three. Most of them are working in the village, or have gone to sea. A few are still here at home. Sigríður here is the youngest.”

“No wonder so many had to leave for elsewhere,” he said. “A few more generations, and you get a village of inbreds.”

Anna nodded.

Ragnar turned to Sigrid.

“You like having a dragon tail?”

She grinned. “I love it! I can play outside all I want, and I never get cold!”

“I saw, considering you’re not wearing any boots. That’s because of the fire inside you.”

Her eyes widened. “The fire?”

He smiled. “That’s right! Isn’t that amazing?”

“Yeah!”

Sigrid patted her tummy, imagining a little campfire inside.

“So does that mean I can breathe fire, like a dragon?”

“Maybe someday,” he said. “But in the meantime, what you should do is listen to what the fire has to tell you.”

“What? Aw, fire can’t speak.”

“But it can. You’ll learn, one day.”

“But I wanna learn now!”

“Einar tried to awaken her power earlier today,” said Anna. “I think she was a little disappointed.”

“A late bloomer, eh?” he asked. He stood up, handing Anna his drinking horn.

“You two come outside with me. I have an idea.”

Anna put away the horns and the two of them followed Ragnar outside into the snow. Ragnar picked some of it up, and packed it into a snowball. Sigrid got excited.

“I love snowballs!”

“Then you’re going to love this,” he said. He packed more and more snow into it, rolling it over the ground. Soon it was the size of a boulder, and then some. By the time he

“THEY HIDE IN SNOWBANKS, WAITING FOR TRAVELERS TO WALK ON THEM, THEN THEY LATCH ON. IF YOU’RE LUCKY, THEY CONSUME THE FEET. IF NOT, THEY CONSUME THE ENTIRE BODY.”

finished, it stood as tall as his waist—well over Sigrid’s head.

“Whoa,” she said, admiring it.

“Now, you see that hill over yonder?” he asked.

“Yeah.”

“I want you to roll this snowball to the very top.”

“Oh that’s far too heavy for her,” Anna protested. But Sigrid had already begun pushing it, working her legs as fast as she could, and making progress. Ragnar smiled.

“For a normal girl, of course. But for a scaleborn?”

“Look mommy I’m doing it!”

“Be careful, Sigrid!”

“You’re doing great!” he called to her.

Sigrid didn’t feel tired at all, rolling the enormous snowball. Her dragon tail waved back and forth as she walked, her bare feet digging into the soft Earth. She had no idea she had this much endurance!

Anna walked alongside her, speaking words of encouragement.

“You’re so strong,” she said. “I didn’t know you could push something that heavy!”

“It’s easy,” she said. “I mean, it’s just snow.”

“Even I couldn’t push it,” said Anna. “And you don’t feel tired at all?”

“Nope!”

And that remained true for a long while. They left Ragnar far behind, back at their house, and soon reached the foot of the hill. Sigrid paused for a moment, looking up the steep slope.

“Ready to do this?” Anna asked.

“I’m ready,” she said. And she began pushing it uphill, a far harder battle.

Her superhuman endurance kicked in, but the hill’s steepness began to make her feel the exertion. She couldn’t even see where she was going, because the snowball was so large. Anna guided her,

“THEN YOU’RE GOING TO LOVE THIS,” HE SAID. HE PACKED MORE AND MORE SNOW INTO IT, ROLLING IT OVER THE GROUND. SOON IT WAS THE SIZE OF A BOULDER, AND THEN SOME. BY THE TIME HE WAS DONE, IT STOOD AS TALL AS HIS WAIST—WELL OVER SIGRID’S HEAD.

keeping up her spirits with words of determination, but soon she began to sweat.

“It’s . . . heavy,” she said.

“It’s getting too heavy for you?” Anna reached down to her daughter.

“No!” she said, a fierce look in her eyes. “I can still do it!”

“You’re making me so proud,” Anna said.

They resumed their task, now about halfway up the slope. Anna felt tired just from walking so far, while Sigrid still struggled and pushed with all her might. Sweat ran down her face and arms, cooling her body in the wintry air. But on the inside, she began to feel warm.

Was this the fire Ragnar spoke of?

Whatever it was, it gave her strength from her belly. Her eyes set forwards in steely determination, her legs worked like oars as they pushed the ball uphill. Her iron will refused to surrender to the

exertion. After one more break, leaning against it with her back to rest her arms, she finally began the final push.

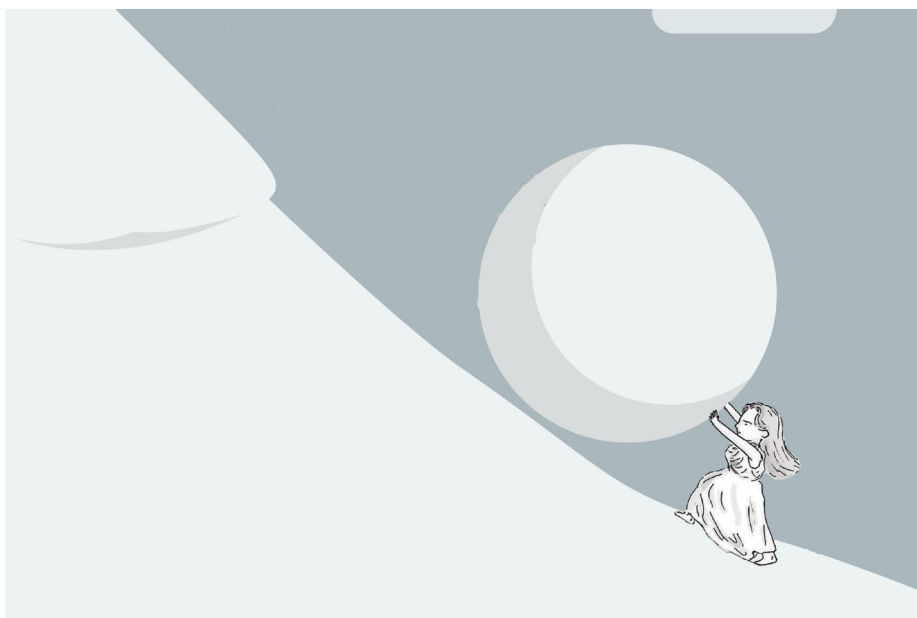
“You’re almost there!” said Anna, now able to see over the hilltop. But Sigrid ignored her, focusing on her task. The fact that the snowball gained mass from the snow on the ground the longer she rolled it exacerbated this final stretch. But feeling the fire within her, she cried out in a scream of strength and ferocity, and finally pushed the snowball to the top.

When she saw it wasn’t rolling anywhere, she finally collapsed to her knees, utterly exhausted. Anna picked her up and cradled her.

“Good girl! That was amazing!”

“Indeed!” called Ragnar, from overhead. His wings alighted him on the snowball, as he looked down at the two of them.

“You felt the fire, didn’t you?”



“Yeah!” said Sigrid. “It was like my tummy was made of steel, so even if I wanted to stop, I couldn’t.”

Ragnar nodded.

“Your eyes too, I believe, showed signs of the dragon within.”

“Really?” Sigrid looked at her mother, who shrugged.

“I didn’t see anything,” said Anna.

“Non-arkborns can’t see,” Ragnar explained. “But your eyes turn to dragon eyes whenever you call on the power of flame.”

“So does this mean I’m a real arkborn now?” Sigrid asked, excitedly.

To her surprise, Ragnar shook his head.

“It takes many years for one to become a true arkborn. Some never do, despite being born with a magical trait. As a wing-born, my eyes are sharper than most. I can see your potential, and I can tell you that you’re not among the stronger arkborn. Had I not intervened, you could’ve spent your entire life as a girl with nothing more than a tail.”

“Even after she pushed that boulder?!?” Anna complained. Sigrid just felt stunned.

“But!—” said Ragnar, “If you work at it every day, by pushing this same boulder farther and farther, by calling on the fire more and more, you will get stronger. The truth is, there hasn’t been a truly strong arkborn in nearly three centuries.”

“But . . . Daddy isn’t weak,” she said.

“I didn’t say he was. But he wasn’t born strong, he had to work for it. I’ve met him before. He understands the problem your generation is facing—the arkborn have been relying on blood and inheritance for too long. Your recent ancestors squandered their potential, tainting their blood. You newborns will have to fight and toil for your strength, if you wish to become truly great.”

Anna and Sigrid looked at each other. Ragnar hopped off the boulder, and bent

down to get on their level.

“Promise me, Sigrid. It’s a big burden, but I would not place it on your shoulders lightly. You must train your strength every day, and push this boulder a little farther. Can you do that?”

“I can,” she stated, nodding.

“Good,” he smiled.

“Because I want to become great, like you!”

“Thank you,” he laughed. “But I am not a great arkborn. Your father is, and you are his daughter. I have no doubt that you’ll follow in his footsteps. Speaking of which, he should be ready with that spell soon, and I must return to him. Until we meet again, Anna. And you too, Sigríður.”

And with that, he took to the skies and disappeared over the treetops. Sigríður turned back to the boulder, considering the amount of effort it took to roll it. Now that it stood at the top of the hill, it almost surpassed Anna’s height.

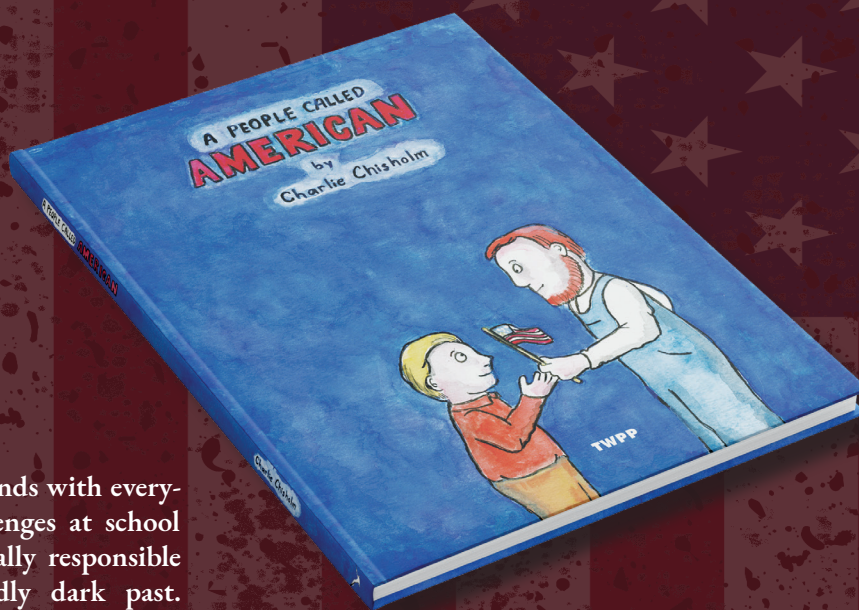
But it could never surpass Sigrid’s strength.

As long as I have the fire, I’ll make mommy and daddy proud, she thought. I’ll be the greatest arkborn who ever lived! ■

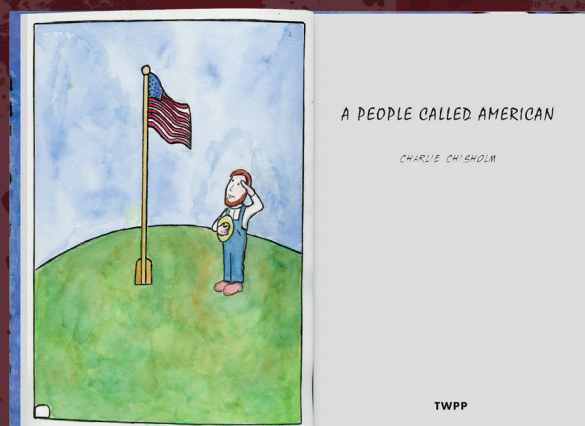
Jason Knight is a Catholic, first-time author based out of Texas. You can find more of his work at jasonknight.wordpress.com, where he runs a pro-White blog feed.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.



A PEOPLE CALLED AMERICAN



Tommy wants to be friends with everyone, but he faces challenges at school since he is held personally responsible for America's supposedly dark past. Frustrated and confused, he seeks guidance from his father about why his ancestors came to America in the first place, and in the process learns about a miraculous story that is completely different than the one he hears about in school every day. What Tommy learns is his own story, reflected through his ancestors, who built America from the ground up with other European immigrants. *A People Called American* is a colorfully illustrated, educational story that will help parents counter the guilt and negative history promoted to their children by the anti-white education system, by introducing them to the positive aspects of their past, and cultivating in them pride toward the nation their people created.



THE CAPITOL KILLING

ON THE MURDER OF ASHLI BABBITT

BY ALASTAIR SPATE

Through all that year that never began
in every place, at every wrong time.
That daily not-knowing that never ends,
as if we were waiting for someone to die.

So long had our houses been trained for this:
rations of custody, rosters of rights,
strange comforts of long-distance farewells.
As if I was waiting for someone to die.

But she's dead. Here is an absolute ending.
Hers was the path of service and pride,
hers was the life of her thanks giving,
ours are now sealed by the moment she died:

Murderer from out of a door
she turns to talk to a cop
shows the vein of her lifeblood
to the instant point-blank slug.

As if someone, once again, has died for us.
That this is what it means to be alone.
That all of the old years have bled-out
and all of our waiting has gone.



2066

BY SEAN HAUGHTON



I F YOU'RE SOMEHOW reading this, then maybe all is not lost. Maybe there's a chance. Maybe there's hope.

I write these words in the Year 2066, and in doing so, I truly leave the fate of my existence in the hands of the gods. Should those who rule ever discover these texts, then my fate will be sealed in the cruellest, most sadistic fashion.

I've long heard whispers of tales passed on through generations. Tales that tell us that by now the world was supposed to have been a far better place. A place of technological advancement and discovery, home to a multitude of peoples, some of whom by now should have touched the stars. The world was supposed to have surpassed all expectations of those foreseen by the futuristic visionaries. Instead, we find ourselves in a world even worse than the ones predicted by the men who foresaw the downfall of humanity. Their names have been lost over time, dissolved into thin air by those who control the processes of information. Little bits have seeped through the cracks over time, however, but still we hear of their words, how they warned of a world ruled by people who would bring humanity to a sickening conclusion.

In attempting to discover the truths, we have put our lives at risk time and time again, but admittedly, death doesn't sound like such a bad thing in contrast to the lives we live. Nevertheless, we fight to give ourselves a purpose in the face of a system that intends to rule for eternity over a pseudo-society of lifeless pawns. We have fought to discover our

history and our ancestry, and in doing so we discovered the sensation of pride, something we were taught for so long to ignore. Pride in oneself, in one's people, in one's history, was not only folly, they told us, but a heinous act that belonged in the old world. The old world, they told us, was barbaric. People were different, with different goals and different lives, but under the guidance of the system, we were led to this new world, one in which we are all one people, with the same goals and the same lives.

In actual fact, we don't have any goals whatsoever. We don't have a life of any kind, either. That much we discovered once we were able to find evidence of the world that existed before us. One that was eventually beaten down, raped and pillaged, and ultimately destroyed

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in favour of this new, grey existence. We discovered what it meant to celebrate life as it should be celebrated. We discovered stories of culture and literature. We discovered the truth of family, and of love.

It all contrasted so heavily with what had been hardwired into us since birth. We were told that life is merely coincidental and meaningless, and so we should spend it serving the greater good, though what "the greater good" actually is we've never truly known. We were told that culture was a lie and that literature was harmful. We were told that the family unit was a tool of possession and rule, that love was a weapon used to enact that rule.

Love was a lie; sex was all that mattered as a means of ridding oneself of petty frustrations, and that in particular was drummed into us from an early age.

O NCE WE DISCOVERED the reality of the system's lies, it left us somewhere between euphoria and trauma. Euphoria for discovering the truth, and realising that a better world was possible, given that the means to create a better world had already existed. The trauma, however, stemmed from the realisation of just how sick and twisted our world is, and just how unfortunate we had been to live in such a time. Indeed, for some who discovered the truths with us, it was too much. Some ended their lives prematurely, whilst others gave themselves over to the system, too scared to die but wishing to erase the trauma-induced pain for good.

We realised the society we were born into was one that rejected identity and heritage in favour of aimless servitude and casual satisfaction. The system that rules above us had long ago achieved its goal of grasping the world in its claws,

tearing its soul to pieces and creating a monstrosity from the remains. They knew it was hideous, and they still know it is hideous, but they are most definitely a hideous, heinous people, and so the world they rule over—this sick, sadistic world—is absolutely perfect in their eyes. They sit like an effendi and eat, cracking down on anything that diverts from the path they have set out for their slaves.

If I'm being honest, I'm not entirely sure what it was that triggered us into action. Maybe it was our condition. After all, we have discovered that revolutionary actions are often brought about by a self-realisation of one's circumstances. In our case, we live in small, concrete domes, and have been taught for decades that this is the perfect way of living, to be satisfied by our chair, television, fridge and bed. It has been like this for as long as I can remember, and people simply accept it. Upon discovering the old texts, however, we realised that such conditions would never have been accepted by the people, and that the educational programmes for the last few decades had clearly snuffed out the natural fight that exists in most people. They were satisfied with what they

had at their disposal, and so felt no need to fight. Once that satisfaction is in place, the system can then do whatever it pleases.

But what is “the system”?

THROUGHOUT OUR LIVES, they have presented themselves as the successors to the great minds who saved the world from collapse. These great minds supposedly worked to create a global order that fought disease, poverty and injustice. Crisis after crisis presented them with the opportunity to reset life as the world knew it, and created a new way of living. This new way of living brought about the end of nations and cultural identities, with global governance merging with big business and big finance to create a world government dreamed of by the most heinous minds in history, but never truly achieved until then. The mass migration of peoples from all corners of the world into Europe went into overdrive, and Europeans were encouraged to abandon their identities and help bring about this new world, one without heritage and identity, but instead built on the principle of “One People”. Those who ruled the system, and still do, did not

involve themselves directly with the One People Project, instead discretely separating themselves from it and ensuring they ruled at arm's length. It's quite easy to see what happened in reflection; protect one's identity and people whilst promoting the butchering of the rest, and then rule this new breed from above.

What came after the great reset, as told to us by those who came after it, in two different forms. The first form came via the official telling, that of the system, while the second form came via word of mouth, from those who witnessed and barely survived it. I'm honestly torn as to which telling is the more horrifying, though I have absolutely no doubt in my mind as to which is the truth.

The official telling goes as follows: in the aftermath of a health crisis, which presented an existential threat to humanity, the great reset needed to be implemented or humanity simply would not survive. Europe, in particular, required new rules and regulations for everyday life in addition to a fresh workforce by the millions to ensure its future. These new additions, from beyond the edges of the European continent, would bring wave after wave





of genius minds who would advance the continent in ways never before seen. And so, those in power across Europe and the wider world hit the reset button, and the new world then began with the great European restructuring. Unfortunately, the existing peoples of Europe rejected this. Not all of them; some were extremely well behaved and submitted themselves almost instantaneously, and were a great asset to the new world, particularly in fighting back the troublemakers. Those troublemakers, however, caused the system a great deal of harm, and their continued existence threatened the very survival of the project. Thankfully, a union of the police, the well-behaved Europeans and the waves of New Europeans came together to beat back these trouble-

causers, and though blood was unfortunately shed, it was all for the greater good, and the new world came to fruition. European nations were abolished, the history of their peoples consigned to the crematoriums, and the New Europe was born. The New Europeans in particular were designated as the heroes of the great reset, and images of them were everywhere. *Are* everywhere, I should say. To this day, we are told that these New Europeans are the very backbone of our world—the scientists, the doctors, the genius minds. Which I’ve always found interesting, because I’ve very rarely met

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any New European in such a position, and whenever I did it was never a pleasant experience. Instead, I usually see the New Europeans in the same boat as myself, usually as soon as I step out of my concrete dome. More often than not, they have only ever caused me harm and misery, though the system has told us every day that the Old Europeans owe the New Europeans not only gratitude for their role in the great reset, but must also request eternal forgiveness for the great crimes of the Old Europeans against the New Europeans. Long have we been told of how the backward Old Europeans butchered the homelands of the New Europeans and enslaved them out of jealousy. Such stories always seemed to have a malicious ring to them. There are other stories regarding the supposed past actions of the Old Europeans towards the ruling peoples as well, but seeing as I’ve heard those stories every day throughout my entire life, I’d

“ A HEALTH PANDEMIC STRUCK THE WORLD SOME FORTY YEARS OR SO AGO, AND WHILE SUCH EVENTS CAN NEVER BE TREATED LIGHTLY, IT BECAME APPARENT RATHER QUICKLY THAT THE RULING SYSTEM OF THE TIME SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE THAT PANDEMIC AS AN EXCUSE FOR USHERING IN A NEW WORLD ORDER. . . . ”

rather not focus on them. Maybe you'll know what I'm referring to.

THE SECOND TELLING of the events

of the great reset, however, goes like this: a health pandemic struck the world some forty years or so ago, and while such events can never be treated lightly, it became apparent rather quickly that the ruling system of the time saw an opportunity to use that pandemic as an excuse for ushering in a new world order of sorts. The world at the time was already a mess, with the very fabric of European societies being torn at the seams by deviancy, debt finance, the growing loss of cultural and genetic identity and the actions of politicians and power brokers seemingly hell-bent on destroying the various European peoples. In tandem with unrelenting waves of non-European immigration into the continent, it became clear to those who knew the truth that not only was time running out, but that it was running out far quicker than they originally anticipated. A number of what have since been referred to as “patriotic alternatives” attempted to spring up, made up of good people from good communities trying to build a resistance from the ground up. As ever, these resistances were beaten down and harassed by both basic ideological and genetic opposition and the state instruments, in other words, by politicians and the police. Seeing that time was running out, these patriotic alternatives attempted to galvanise their people as quickly as possible, eventually joining forces with less politically minded people who also

clocked on that their futures were at risk.

Civil conflict was, unfortunately, inevitable. Maybe you, reading these words, either partook in the conflict or will eventually do so. Either way, the word-of-mouth telling informs us that these people fought valiantly. They quickly disposed of the ideological opposition, as that was made up of people both of weak mind and weak body. Where they came unstuck was in facing down the large swathes of non-European opposition combined with the power of the state apparatus. The police were given full right of force, and they murdered countless patriots in cold blood.

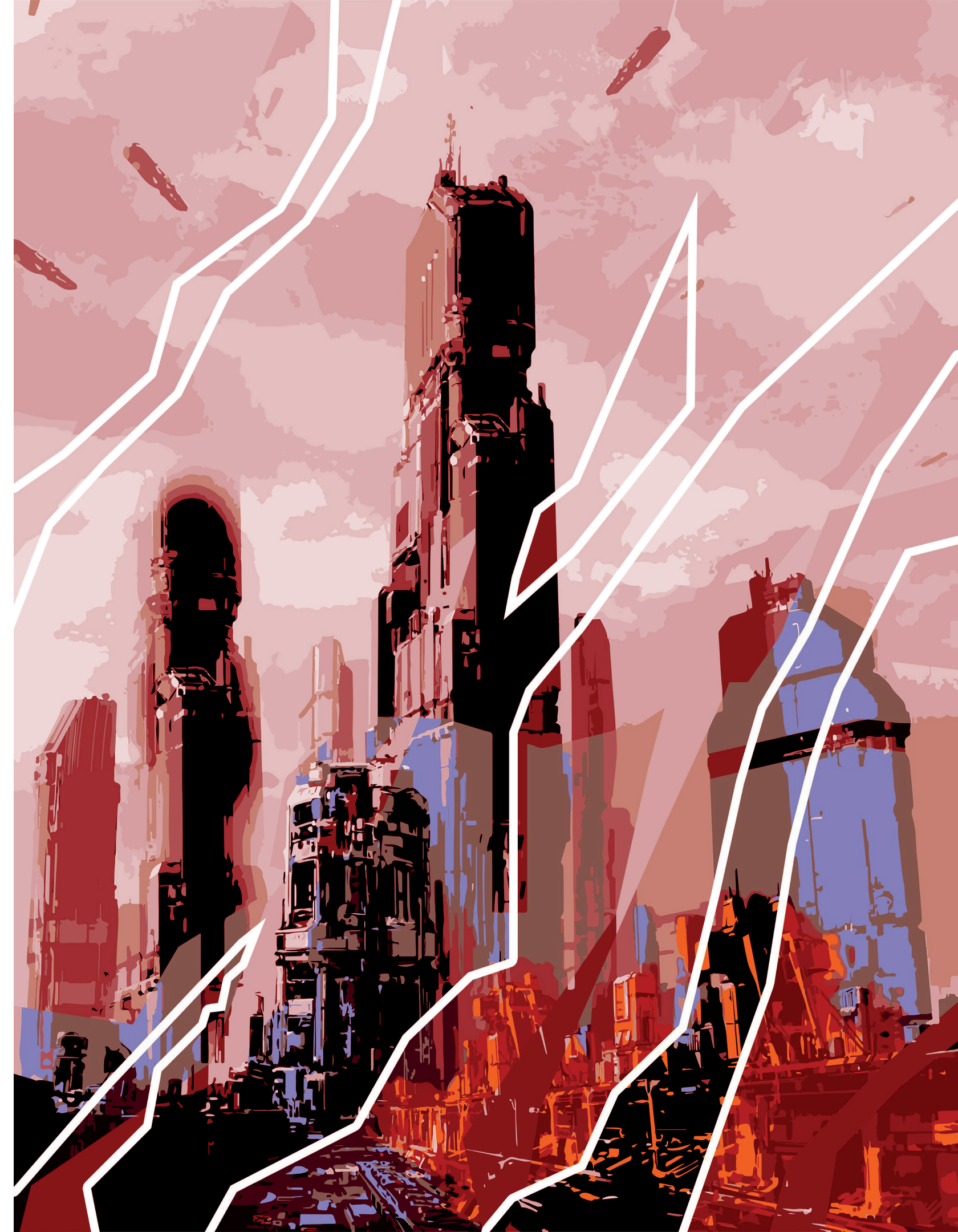
Not all non-Europeans were involved, it must be emphasised, but those that weren't certainly made no attempt to prevent the involvement of those who were. They saw an opportunity for a New Europe just as the ruling elites did, and if it meant the eradication of the Old Europeans in order to achieve it, then there was no need to stand in the way of progress.

Soon after the butchering of the fighting patriots, the remainder of Europe quickly surrendered to the new way of life. Other groups who had long declared themselves to be patriots were quickly exposed as spineless meanderers, driven purely by finance and loyalty to the wrong people, and thus obviously oblivious to the realities that had been steamrolling towards them for decades.

Shortly after, the general public were pacified with sweeteners that cushioned the eradication of their liberties. All ownership was abolished, but that was

okay because the system provided you with somewhere to live. Firstly, it was bog-standard social housing; later on it became the concrete domes. Next, jobs were abolished in favour of strict reliance on artificial intelligence and machinery, but it was fine because the system finally introduced a form of Basic Income. Typically, you could only get Basic Income if you surrendered all liberties and submitted to regular tests. Additionally, the ability to leave your “home” was limited, but this was also fine because you had everything you needed at home: a chair, a fridge, a television and a bed. Books, of course, were seized en masse, god forbid people actually continued to think for themselves. They didn't need that when they could study from home in digital educational environments where their lecturers could watch over them, guide them and mold them into the perfect citizen for the new world.

THERE'S SO MUCH I could say, but time is not something I am blessed with, unfortunately. Know this, dear reader; life on this Earth in 2066 is a punishment for supposed sins I could never begin to understand. As an Old European, I am regularly castigated by the system and the New Europeans. My body will forever bear the scars of the beatings I have received throughout my life. I have no love, no family, no real meaning in life. I, like a small band of others, have simply been fortunate enough to happen upon evidence of a world before all of this and thus commit the ultimate sin in



the new world—I have allowed myself to dream.

To dream of a world before this, to know what love is, to have a family, to not be subjected to sexual deviancy and bastardisation! To not be a slave, to not have to live in fear, to not simply wait for death.

Of the small group I find myself engaging with during the rare opportunities I am able to do so, I find myself focusing particularly on the words of someone who lived through the great reset. He said something to me once, when he was reflecting on the past, albeit beaten down and on the verge of submission. We have since managed to reignite his belief that we could yet do something about this, but nevertheless his words continue to ring in my ears.

“We never had a chance to stop it. It’s amazing we made it this far. We were never asked, after all. The alternatives gave us hope, but ultimately it was too little, too late. Many of us were defeated

before we were even born. The fire was gone in those who came before us. Those who had seen our quality of life crumble, those who were raised when it truly began to deteriorate, and those who knew no other way. Some of us have managed to discover the truth, but knowing the truth makes it so much worse. Knowing what the world should be . . . what *we* should be. But our time has come. We have failed, not only our people, but our planet.”

We were left silenced by these words, but what he said next seemed to be asked of people long gone, as though he was looking into the past.

“It was said that harsh times create great men; why did you not rise?”

Sometime later, we happened upon something that I still can’t properly explain, but it fills me with both great excitement and great fear. Excitement at the sheer magnitude of the possibilities seemingly presented to me. Fear stemming from a combination of getting my hopes up for something that may not work, and

may also lead me and my allies to suffer the consequences if we are caught.

Quite simply, it has given us a chance to reach the past. Not to go back in time, as such, but to reveal the realities of the future to those who came before us. In other words, we are telling our story to you, the reader. If you find this, know that the worst is yet to come if you do nothing! Know that a future built on lies and a body of sexual, social, global, cultural and financial decadence awaits. And if you do nothing, you not only condemn us to this existence we know, but you condemn us to abandonment, leaving us with no doubt that we have no future, just as the system tells in such contradictory terms that we have no past!

In my anger, I originally intended to end these texts by demanding to know why you didn’t fight, and why you allowed the horrors of the future to become a reality. However, I realised what opportunity has presented itself to me, and so instead I cling on to the hope that in reading the truths of the future, you may be inspired to prevent it!

And so, I ask you not in anger, but in hope and with encouragement; will you fight? Will you prevent the horrors of the future from becoming a reality? ■

ALSO BY SEAN HAUGHTON

A Collection of Dark Short Stories and the poetry collections *Reflections* and *Second Wave*.

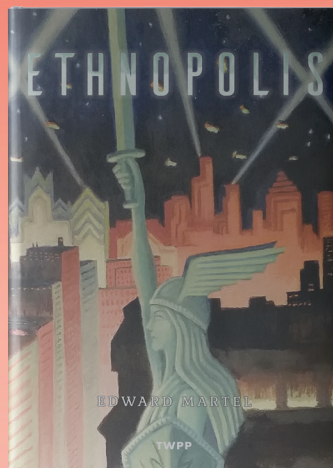


ETHNOPOLIS

A NOVEL BY

EDWARD MARTEL

SEVERAL CENTURIES FROM NOW EUROPE HAS BEEN REBORN. THE KINGDOM OF REGNUM EUROPA AND ITS MAGNIFICENT CAPITAL, ETHNOPOLIS, HAVE BEEN FOUNDED BY EUROPEANS UNITED IN A COMMON PURPOSE IN ORDER TO SURVIVE AND FORGE A NEW POWER FOR THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE ON THE CONTINENT. THEIR ENEMY, THE GLOBAL KADMON ALLIANCE, SEEKS TO CONGLOMERATE THE ENTIRE EARTH UNDER THEIR DOMINATION IN ORDER TO DESTROY THE DIVERSE PEOPLES AND CULTURES OF THE WORLD WHILE MAINTAINING THEIR SUPREMACY. ELIMINATING NATIONAL BORDERS, THEY HAVE DIVIDED THE PLANET INTO ECONOMIC ZONES WHICH THEY EXPLOIT FOR RESOURCES WHILE ENSLAVING THE INHABITANTS THROUGH VICE AND VIRTUAL REALITY PROPAGANDA, USING DIET, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC BLACKMAIL, GENDER MANIPULATION, VIOLENT SPECTACLES, AND PSYCHO-CAPITULATION DRUGS BACKED BY A HYPER-SURVEILLANCE POLICE PRESENCE. SIR TITUS MABON, A GALLANT YOUNG CAPTAIN IN THE ETHNOPOLIS AIR BRIGADE FINDS HIMSELF A TARGET OF A DEEP ALLIANCE CONSPIRACY AS THEIR AGENTS IN THE SHADOWY SECRET SOCIETY CALLED THE HAND OF HIRMA OPERATE WITHIN THE ELITE CIRCLES OF ETHNOPOLIS... WILL TITUS AND HIS BAND OF RENEGADE AIRMEN EXPOSE THE PLOT AND TURN THINGS AROUND BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE AND ETHNOPOLIS IS SUBVERTED AND MADE RIPE FOR CONQUEST? EMBARK ON THIS ADVENTURE, THE BEGINNING OF A NEW EUROPEAN SAGA...



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Hercules and the Hydra, by Edmund
Hofmann von Aspernburg, c. 1875-1899.



The Great Noon

Martin Friedrich

Martin Friedrich is a husband and father from the Midwest who is interested in the future of the Germanic people and the philosophy of history.

And it is the great noontide, when man is in the middle of his course between animal and Übermensch, and celebrateth his advance to the evening as his highest hope: for it is the advance to a new morning.

— NIETZSCHE, *THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA*

SOON COMES THE *GREAT NOON*, when the sun sits at its peak, furthest from man. It is then that man and his shadow become one—a singularity. If man is the animate, the shadow is the inanimate—an image cast upon a cave wall, a deception. The *great noon* is the synthesis, a projection of the future when man and his antithesis become one.

What is the sun? It is the life animating man. The shadow is a feigned suspicion of man, for he cannot create *ex nihilo*; it is the deception. The *great noon* is the singularity when God's creation and man's trick become united. This new being will transcend and *obsoletize* humanity. The *great noon* is the end of humanity.

From whence comes the new being, the *transhuman*? *Thus slowly wandering through many peoples and diverse cities, did Zarathustra return by roundabout roads to his mountains and his cave. And behold, thereby came he unawares also to the gate of the GREAT CITY.*¹ The "city," as symbol for modernity, is the source of

humanity's end. It is the melting pot of diversity, the bastion of free speech—so long as one's speech is approved—the fountainhead of "tainted, frothy, swamp-blood."² Inhabiting the city are many two-legged organisms; they are not the diviners of the new morning. Theirs is to toil, for they are the pawns; the future is not theirs. The minds moving them—kinetically or telekinetically—they are the

Atlas prepares to shrug. With this shrug comes the *great noon*. What does he discuss in secret? The breakaway civilization, the new man, the *transhuman* technocracy: these are the whispers among the technocratic elite.

future gods. The future belongs to Atlas; and in the modern world of technics, Atlas is the technocrat. The city is his petri dish. Ever bending to the will of Atlas, the organisms throbbing and thronging in the city will produce and reproduce as long as they are snug and satiated. On their toil, Atlas' means will grow. He meets secretly in plain sight with his ilk, plotting the future, the end of humanity—Ah! But not the end of the petri dish!

With his means, Atlas prepares to shrug. With this shrug comes the *great noon*. What does he discuss in secret? The breakaway civilization, the new man, the *transhuman* technocracy: these are the whispers among the technocratic elite. More than whispers, they are plans—concrete and time-based. At the dawn of *transhumanity*, where man and shadow are bound in sanitizing transfiguration, man and machine are fused. The new priests of the modern technocracy conjure supra-human power and even time itself, time as extra-dimensional magic. Illness, age, and death are relics for the priests—signs

of a less reverent, dangerous past; for the city-dwellers—the toilers—illness, age, and death are reminders of their place in the petri dish.

PRIESTLY MAGIC DOES MORE than delineate the castes: it transcends time. And more than physical time—the time affecting spatial dimensions—is overcome; conceptual time, too, is manipulated. "*Everything straight lieth,*" murmured

the dwarf, contemptuously. “All truth is crooked; time itself is a circle.”³ By transcending spacetime through singularity, Atlas and his priests extend the *great noon* indefinitely. Evening comes and goes, but the *noon* never fades. Conceptually, time is looped, stagnated, and perpetuated—all

Technology was not yet mature enough to make the leap into techno-synthesis; this was the only impediment to their mastery of the world. Their plans have been fixed since the Enlightenment, since man escaped his so-called nonage and left the old gods and traditions behind for good. Man

oblivion was the *great noon*, wherein man became enslaved to the *transhuman*, the new god on earth. Such is the plan of the technocrats, those would-be Atlases.

The Eternal Reverence, the moment of singularity, is held in conceptual perpetuity as a chain around the throat of all, keeping the anti-MYTH in place.

for the sake of embalming the moment of Eternal Reverence. Atlas shrugs, his shoulders miming a half-circle in the air, his *transhumanity* etching a disappearing wake through time; meanwhile, the toilers continue to toil, languishing in their swamp-blood, none the wiser.

At the moment of singularity, the toilers will gaze in wonderment. It will be that moment when their material desires reach apotheosis. In seeing their material god, their spirit will forever die. *He is freely in bondage who does with pleasure the will of his master.*⁴ Freedom, at the *great noon*, will become despised and dreaded. Freedom means death. Only in slavery can the toilers hope to reach the summit, the upper crust their *transhuman* gods craft. Mass control will be the toilers’ salvation. Atlas will oblige.

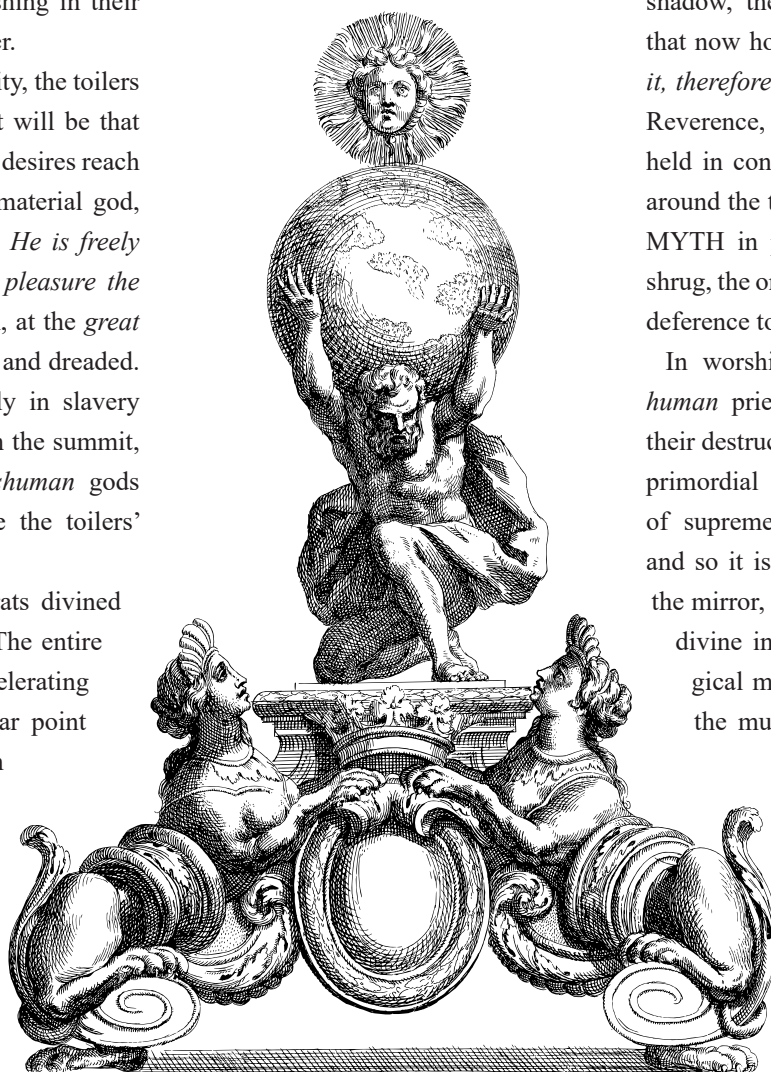
What was it the technocrats divined in their moment of glory? The entire world, after all, was accelerating in its decline to the singular point of the material god-man on earth since 1945, *Götterdämmerung*: this acceleration was the imbalance of rationality over irrationality. Singularity was seen long before it happened.

became god in his mind; it was only his body that needed mending. In this life there are only three possibilities: meaning, suicide, or oblivion. The technocrats found mean-

ing in the death of the old gods; the toiling swamp-bloods clutched the coattails, roused like rabble to the cause, and the culmination of this godless meaning and

ATLAS, HOWEVER, DOES NOT belong to the earth. Atlas belongs to MYTH, and this is what the world aims to destroy, despite profane reverence for the synthesizing anti-MYTH. The only thing the technocrats have in common with Atlas is their lust for god-killing rebellion; but they do not hold up the world, this is the sun’s work, it is God’s. The shadows—projections on a wall, *this* is the false creation of the supposed “new man.” They do not disappear in the *great noon*; they are hidden under the feet. And it is this hidden shadow, the would-be Atlases suppose, that now holds up the sky. *We are under it, therefore it is our burden.* The Eternal Reverence, the moment of singularity, is held in conceptual perpetuity as a chain around the throat of all, keeping the anti-MYTH in place. When the technocrats shrug, the only burden they unload is their deference to the God that created them.

In worshiping themselves, the *transhuman* priests yet worship a god. It is their destructive urge, the Demiurge. This primordial cipher mistook its distortion of supreme creation as creation itself, and so it is with the *transhuman*. Break the mirror, distort the image, and declare divine inspiration: this is the demiurgical method. They topple statues to the mud and mark themselves vanguards of the future. The Demiurge, however, is a jealous god, and cannot suffer crowded altars. Hubris transcends even the *transhuman*, and the new gods will forfeit their material



The Ancient of Days, by William Blake, 1794.



gains for the destruction that was their impetus.

In an alternate past, golems of the Demiurge were collected on the island of Madagascar. At first, in collective chagrin over their unhappy state, they prospered, unifying effort for the sake of resilience. But this success turned ugly: destructive yearnings—reflections of their maker—colored their facets, and the face each showed to another was the deception inherent in vantage. No mere misunderstandings, these deceptions were the threads tying the golems together, and likewise the mauls wedging them apart. Side rose against side and partisans destroyed each other, until the last statue displaced the mud. In this way, the golems remained loyal to their god—to the last drop of caustic anti-blood.

In worshiping themselves, however, the *transhuman* priests yet worship a god. It is their destructive urge, the Demiurge. This primordial cipher mistook its distortion of supreme creation as creation itself. . . .

Though this past is alternate, it mirrors an actual future. The *transhuman* will succeed in breaking away from its petri dish and its isolation will be complete; its island will be singularity, the dawn of the “new man.” Yet because its urges are negative—the *compulsion to destroy the old gods and traditions for the sake of peak rationality*—and because it fulfills its

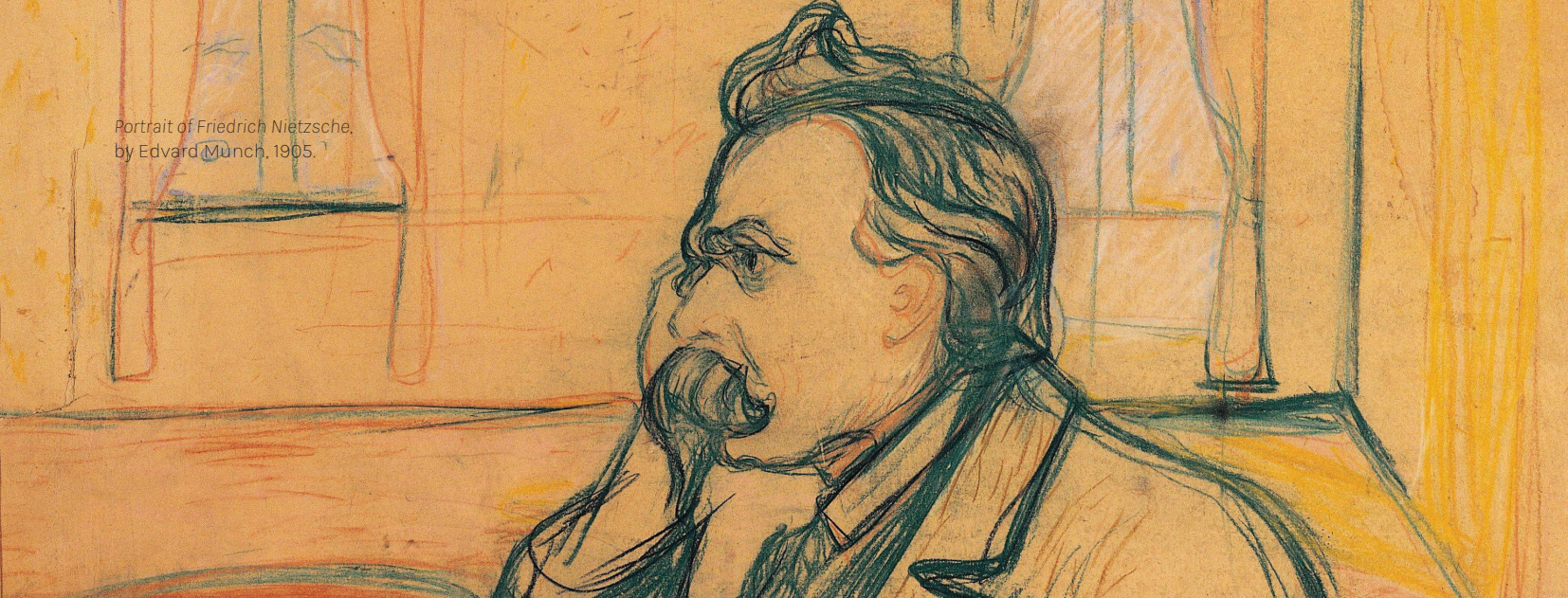
demiurgical potential—*destroying the natural for the sake of the unnatural*—the “new man” cannot escape the siphoning shadow of its Demiurge-craftsman, and this shadow will be heavier than the world

so confidently shrugged off at the *great noon*.

THOSE TECHNO-PRIESTS meeting in secret know the grim reality awaiting them at the *great noon*. Despite knowing, their faith compels

them. Yet can we call it *faith* when they cannot do otherwise? Their autonomic response compels them, yes. This is life’s governed apocalypse—the unavoidable end of an age. Pseudo-pious folly will end the existing order. The *transhuman* will revoke itself, crushed under the weight of the *great lie* that Nature can be

Portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche,
by Edvard Munch, 1905.¹



subverted or circumvented. From folly comes fecundity.

A faint shadow has visited me, Nietzsche revealed, *the shadow of the Übermensch* . . . The techno-priests' singularity is not Nietzsche's Great Noon; it is only their material copy of it—their great noon and *our* dystopian noon, devoid of spirituality. Their shadow is not the *Übermensch*, but only an inorganic lie, the *transhuman* Frankenstein. As Serrano noted, “[the] conception of the *Übermensch* . . . is a pure invention or creation.”⁵ The *Übermensch* is MYTH; it is the will to a higher state of being through mental, physical, and spiritual renewal; it is man's faith in and striving for the MAN TO COME. From this faith and struggle, through an indomitable will to power, comes the New Order at Fimbulwinter's break, the Viconian Age of the Gods, the Satya Yuga—the age of the eagle and the serpent, faithful pride and wisdom. This age is hallmarked, not by any usurpation of Nature, but by Nature's apotheosization.

In raising Nature up to the noontide sun above us, we harmonize with it and bring ourselves closer to God. *This* is the Great Noon, after which dawns the morning of the *Übermensch*. Meaning, too, rests in this harmonization:

Meaning, coming not from reason, not from the intellect . . . but from the highest inspiration and concentration of energy, from the “highest tonality of the soul” that is possible to achieve with our lives, with our “will to power”; with an idea that comes from the depths, from the true creative Idea.⁶

This Great Noon is not perpetuated indefinitely. It is a *moment* in the Eternal Return when man might loosen his chains and escape Demiurgical bondage to enter the halls of the Supreme Creator. But because of its sacredness, this Great Noon is the *second* noon; the first is the material noon of the *transhuman*: sacredness, because of its proximity to the mystery of all beginning, comes only after the darkest night, from which the new dawn arises. First we fall, then we rise. It is only through the fall that our ancestors will muster the strength to launch into a new heroic age. We must learn piety before heroism.

IN THE CLOSING DAYS of his lucidity, Nietzsche signed letters with his name—only his name was *Caesar*, *Wagner*, *Dionysus*, *Bismarck*, *Shakespeare*, . . . *Jesus*. Why? Because

life is real to the infinite “I” bound up with infinite time, but only an illusion to the finite self. This might sound reversed, but it is not. The Eternal Return is both reality and illusion. Its secret can only be solved with the arrival of the *Übermensch* at the Great Noon—the moment of epiphanic ecstasy when the infinite and the finite coincide. Nietzsche's invalidity was a sacrifice to sacred *meaning*, which is to say, an escape from the Eternal Return. Though his arms were straitjacketed, his spirit was free; his sacrifice on the material plane paved the way for the MAN TO COME. It is said that Nietzsche's final collapse was in Turin, protecting a horse from the lash. He was protecting Nature, a living creature—not only the horse, but us as well. What did he see in the horse's eyes, beyond the shadow of the blinders? A reflection of the sun in the noontide sky, the coincidence of man and infinity: God in the Great Noon. ■

¹ Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Part III, “On Passing-by.”

² Ibid.

³ Nietzsche, *Zarathustra*, Part III, “The Vision and the Enigma.”

⁴ Augustine of Hippo, *Enchiridion*.

⁵ Miguel Serrano, *Nietzsche and the Eternal Return*, Wewelsberg Archives (2020), 19.

⁶ Ibid., 20-21.



A CONVERSATION WITH COVER ARTIST

DONALD KENT

What inspired you to become an artist and how has your style transformed along the way?

For years I used to tell people that anyone can be an artist if they put the work in, but I've come to realize that that's not entirely true. They can become a craftsman if they put the work in, but an artist in the purest sense of the word, is a personality type. You don't decide to become an artist—rather the inverse: you decide to not be true to yourself or live another life where you follow the norms of society and strive for material security instead. For me, I become progressively anxious and depressed if I am not engaged in some medium that channels artistic expression. At

the same time, surrendering to the primal instinct of the Artist's nature is self-destructive, so the process requires some form of balance. It's a big subject, but I always drew pictures during my childhood, even when other kids grew out of it. I come from a very musical family as well, and use music as another outlet where I can combine my poetry with song. I've started shooting a web series where I co-author, storyboard, and act in a drama about White, middle-aged men coming to grips with demographic replacement.

How has my style transformed along

the way? Well, learning Western traditional drawing skills is a quantum leap forward in terms of being able to make quality art and express my ideas better. I studied traditional Asian painting in Japan and Taiwan for 5 years, so during that period I was deeply into ink wash painting and combining traditional Eastern and Western styles and motifs. When I moved back from the Orient, inspired by superhero movies, I rekindled my love of comic book illustration and was lucky enough to find tutelage under a thirty-five-year veteran of the industry. This

taught me about architectural drawing, lighting, storytelling, and choreography, and allowed me to become proficient at pen

(S)urrendering to the primal instinct of the Artist's nature is self-destructive so the process requires some form of balance.

and ink. Additionally, I've done a lot of freelance graphic design, and have been a certified art teacher for fifteen years, so all of this has culminated in the work you can see in my portfolio at my site AmericanZarathustra.com.

Style is like handwriting—you cannot change your signature. You can forge another person's signature, but we are all born with some kind of natural signature. This translates into one's visual art style, whether they like it or not. Unfortunately, most artists don't even like their own work and strive to make it look like that of someone they admire. In my case, my style suits the job I'm doing, which can range from comical caricatures to the profoundly sublime. One of the hallmarks of my style, generally, is that I keep it loose. I like to see the process of the medium,

the nature of the water color or charcoal. It is, after all, a medium, so I prefer to let the nature of the art show through.

Who are the artists you have looked up to in the past? Are there any art movements or periods that you feel particularly drawn to or have influenced your own work?

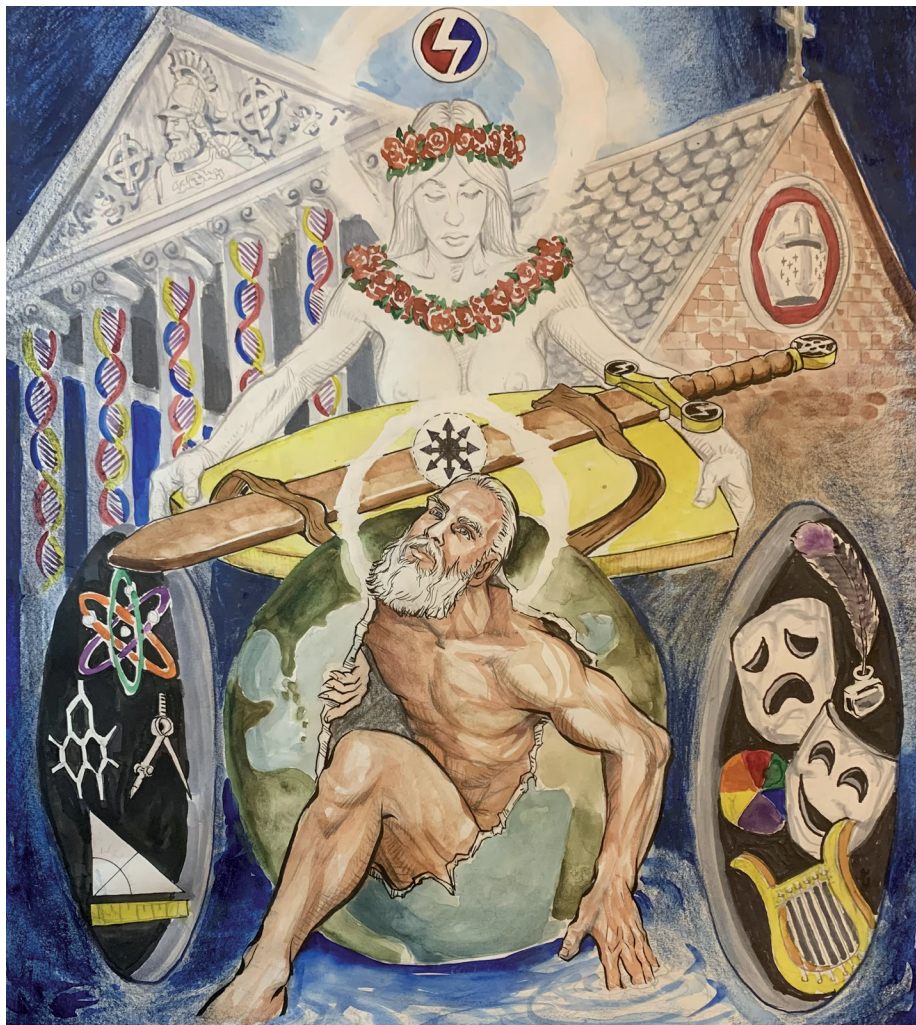
As a kid, it was comic book illustrators like John Byrne, John Buscema, Mike Grell, Gill Kane, Dick Giordano, Moebius, Mike Mignola, Adam Hughes, Lee Weeks, and Alex Maleev. With Fine Art, I've gone through phases of liking many different artists throughout life: Paul Gauguin, Egon Schiele, Amedeo Modigliani, Max Klinger, Edward Hopper, Richard Diebenkorn, and many others have also influenced me. Presently,

I'm a big fan of Skinless Frank and Flash Gorgon in the White-Positive Sphere, and the art movements that resonate most with me are Romanticism, Pre-Raphaelitism, German Expressionism, the Ashcan School, and the Symbolist Movement.

What, in your opinion, is the state of the current White-positive art scene? What are our strengths, where are we lacking, and what can we improve upon?

Your readers may already know that I host the show *Imperium Art* on my American Zarathustra YouTube channel, which is an ongoing documentary showcasing the creators in the White-Positive Art Movement, along with select philosophers and political analysts. *To*





The War on Whites and the ecstasy of Becoming Who We Are. What we are producing connects our ancient past with our distant future, we are standing at the crossroads of history and making history with our music and art.

truly get a pulse on what is happening in our movement, readers must tune in weekly to meet the different musicians, poets, animators, artists, and content developers in our sphere. It's very lively and diverse! Like all underground art scenes, it is in its raw and developmental stages, where there is no corporate-sponsored style or focus, but a wide-ranging banquet of inspired and passionate voices, whose styles and mediums span nearly every genre and suit almost every taste. I

coined the term "Imperium Art" based on Francis Parker Yokey's book *Imperium*, so that the movement has a trajectory that encourages a global racial awakening and coming together of Whites.

While Imperium Art has no manifesto, its cornerstone is the belief that the purpose of White-Positive Art is to save people of European descent and our civilization. Many branches may grow out of that root, but we should all work together to create a future where Whites

are safe and prosperous. The Imperium Art project is my way of controlling our narrative against the insidious lies and propaganda of our enemies. Our creators' strengths vary depending on the maturity of their craft and how cultivated their vision is, but our true strength lies in our community, our culture, and most of all our purpose. The bond between creator and audience is powerful because we reciprocate a powerful energy, the Western BioSpirit, which comprises both the agony of living through the War on Whites and the ecstasy of Becoming Who We Are.

What we are producing connects our ancient past with our long-term future, since we are standing at the crossroads of history and developing a new history with our music and art. I would not say we are "lacking" in any regard, but rather that there is much room to grow. Being as open and accepting of new talent as we are, we are not always as critical of newcomers as we should be. Everyone is encouraging and supportive, but creators who are still shaping their craft need constructive criticism and continuous support, but not necessarily a platform with others who are already "there." There is a strong sense of family in the White-Positive Art Movement, and due to this we may at times be too subjective or anxious to increase our ranks when it comes to bringing people in who are still learning to master their craft.

That said, I'd like to see us somehow move beyond the archeo-futurist style that is ubiquitous in our movement. I don't say that because I believe it is lacking in some way, but because I feel we need to keep striving toward new styles and ideas, continue evolving, and further consolidate our world view in order to eventually attain more control over our cultural narrative.

Is it more important to push our art through mainstream channels or develop an independent scene of our own, or perhaps employ both tactics to some degree?

There is much disagreement on this topic. I lean toward mainstreaming our movement, but recognize the importance of protecting it's vitality and authenticity, nurturing its roots so that it can continue to blossom and grow. I'm of the opinion that we need to put some distance between the comfort of our "political echo chamber" and make an effort to help other Whites Go Free. The Arts are a great way to bridge connections and transmit the critical issues and talking points to other Whites, especially those struggling to internalize the reality needed to break away from the anti-white influences that are so ubiquitous in mainstream culture and politics.

You are clearly one of the most involved figures in our new but burgeoning art scene, are associated with numerous projects, and have big ambitions. Give us a rundown of your future plans and what you hope to accomplish in the long term.

- Add more interviews for the Imperium Art show archives.
- Do more non-art related interviews on American Zarathustra's YouTube channel.
- Start a live show with "drawing requests" and live music.
- Create an Imperium Art book with my co-host Gaius Nullus published by The White Peoples Press.
- Finish a book titled *The Illustrated Speeches of Kai Murros* to be published by White Peoples Press.
- Continue the ongoing comic book project with Mark Brahmin of TheApollonianTransmission.com
- Do more character designs for Heathen Germanic Traditionalist Dave Martel's upcoming Role Playing Game.
- Write and publish music with musician/producer George Froyd ("Someday is Today" on YouTube).
- Write and Act in a web series.
- Do more painting commissions.
- Develop a series of Imperium Art books.
- Get back to making webcomics at AmericanZarathustra.com ■



TOP and RIGHT From *The Seraph*. Story by Mark Brahmin and artwork by Donald Kent. Mark Brahmin's work can be found at www.TheApollonianTransmission.com

Donald Kent's work can be found at www.AmericanZarathustra.com

@AmeriZara



BLACK SUN,
IS IT? A BIT
LARRY, DON'T
YOU THINK?

KRAK!

BUT WHY DO
I WONDER? YOU WEAR
A MASK? AFRAID MY
WOLVES WILL COME
FOR YOU?
AFRAID
TO GET
DOXXED?

AND WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?
**GOLEM OF
ZOG?**

WITH A MUG
LIKE *YOURS*,
YOU SHOULD
CONSIDER A
BURLAP SACK.

PREFERABLY
FIXED IN AN AIRTIGHT
MANNER OVER THE HEAD
FOR AT LEAST 25
MINUTES.

NO, I DO
NOT *HIDE* BEHIND
A MASK.

NOT I,
ANDREW ANDERSON
THE *THIRD*. RATHER, I
REVEAL THE TRUTH...
HOWEVER DARK.

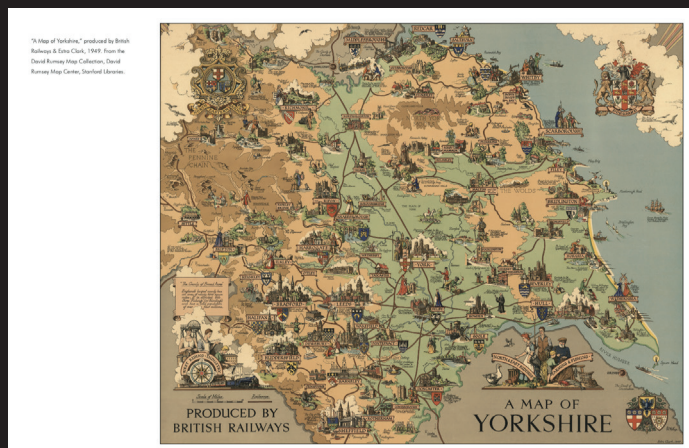
THE TRUTH THAT
WE ARE INDEED
ANIMALS VYING
FOR DOMINANCE.

AND THAT AT
SOME POINT
IT MUST COME
TO **BLOOD**.

IT'S
COWARDS LIKE
YOU WHO PRETEND
OTHERWISE.

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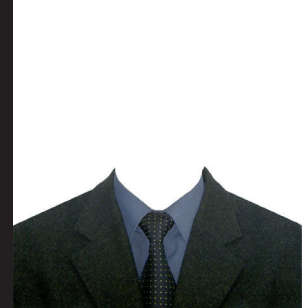
Folk is a coffee table book with over 200 images that offers a comprehensive and in-depth look into the topic of what it means to be a people. We share a unique identity and an exceptional history, but we are forbidden from expressing pride in such things. As Western nations become increasingly affected by mass immigration, however, more of us are forced to recognize that we have little to gain by adopting a negative identity, and that there is actually nothing wrong with maintaining the opposite.

The book features all-original pieces by important individuals, such as Ricardo Duchesne, who provides the Foreword, Jason Köhne, Jeff Winston, Ash Donaldson, Ilenia, Jared George, Lovely Porridge, Laura Towler, Chars, Liv Heide, and John Bruce Leonard. Each has a wealth to offer on this important subject, and provides a unique perspective from their respective nations—including Canada, the United States, Italy, Australia, Belgium, the UK, and Germany—along with answers to the question about what it is that ultimately unites us.

Interviews by Lucy Brown

The following interviews originally appeared at www.wearescum.com on December 11, 2020.

Folk was an extraordinary project to be a part of. Jared George pitched the idea in 2019, and we knew then that it would be a big undertaking, but to see that vision through and make it into something tangible was extremely rewarding. So much has transpired in the world since work first began on the book, but its contents and message are as relevant as ever and will remain timeless in nature, which is one of the reasons it is so unique. Our goal should be to help other people understand that there is nothing abnormal about maintaining a positive identity and acting in our own group interests. If we work together, display pride in unity, and create a culture those people want to be a part of, we will naturally be more successful. This is going to be a long game, as well, so collectively laying a foundation and developing infrastructure for the long term will have a more significant impact than individually contending for hot takes and doing daily news-reacts. There is no greater taboo than explicitly promoting the interests of white people, so the most inspiring thing of all was working with so many talented individuals who are willing to stand up against that pressure. *Folk* has an incredible amount of variety, perspective and wisdom to offer, and the opportunity to package that into something this visually appealing was an honour. After all of the hard work, turning it over to the printer and rolling the dice doesn't exactly leave you with a sense of relief, but we are very happy with how it turned out, and are confident others will be as well. This was a big step for us as an organisation, and we have several more high-quality coffee table books in the works, but I have a feeling that *Folk* will be the one we will look back on with the most pride.



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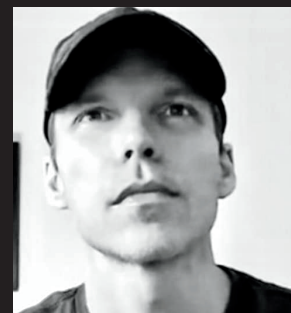
This experience has given me the possibility to think once again about the fundamental importance of folk, in particular in a historical moment like the one we're living in. It has been "morally" imposed on us not to feel any form of attachment towards our traditions, our cultures, our native religions/spiritual paths and even our languages—so all those things that actually make a folk, in fact, a folk—resulting in the construction of a future, rootless, soulless society. The problem is that whichever "group" thought of this dystopia, it didn't consider the eternal, cosmic law of Karma. By acting against Justice, they're doing nothing more but enforcing the people who will overturn their system. I absolutely recommend that people collaborate on creative projects like this in the future. We are the cultural avant-garde, we are the real alternative and since we have the capabilities, we need to inspire as many people as we can. Our communities are often attacked by the media, labeled as ignorant, violent, reactionary. They are just trying to project their own inferiority onto us. The reality is that they're afraid we may enlighten more people, because the more we grow, they weaker they become. But this is a future scenario they can't change. I'm inspired by the idea that we respond to a cosmic duty and thus incarnate in our bodies in order to bring back the cosmic law in this dimension; by fighting against all the adverse forces, we demonstrate our internal qualities. I would like to share with you this little part from Cicero's "Somnium Scipionis". To better explain what I meant with my words: "But still, Africanus, so that you may defend the State with more ardor, know this: for all who have preserved their fatherland, furthered it, enriched it, there is in heaven a sure and allotted abode, where they may enjoy an immortality of happiness. For nothing happens in the world more pleasing to that supreme Deity, who governs all the universe, than those gatherings and unions of men allied by common laws, which are called states. From this place do their rulers and guardians set out, and to this place do they return." I think everybody's going to enjoy this fantastic book. It's truly an aesthetic compendium showing the beauty and parts of history of many different folks. Projects like this should be encouraged and I'd like to be part of more in the future.



Ilenia Contessa
Italian linguist studying ancient
Indo-European traditions.

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For two decades I have endeavoured to engender an organic movement for White Wellbeing, a movement composed of self-starting individuals, empowered by a powerful lexicon and dialectic, and clad in all forms of artistic endeavour. That vision is coming together in the body of heroes, working and collaborating on various and splendid projects such as *Folk*. It was my deep pleasure and honour to work on *Folk* with a unique and talented team of consummate professionals, each member pulling his or her load and each member inspired by the truth, hope, and destiny of our message, each concerned with the plight of our beleaguered people. The crowning jewel of that self-starting collaboration by heroes guided by the pure message of White Wellbeing is *Folk*. Visually arresting, linguistically compelling, and spiritually moving, *Folk* is both an achievement and a statement on a new era in our people's story. Together, we are rising and there is no stopping us.



Jason is an American commentator and author of several books.

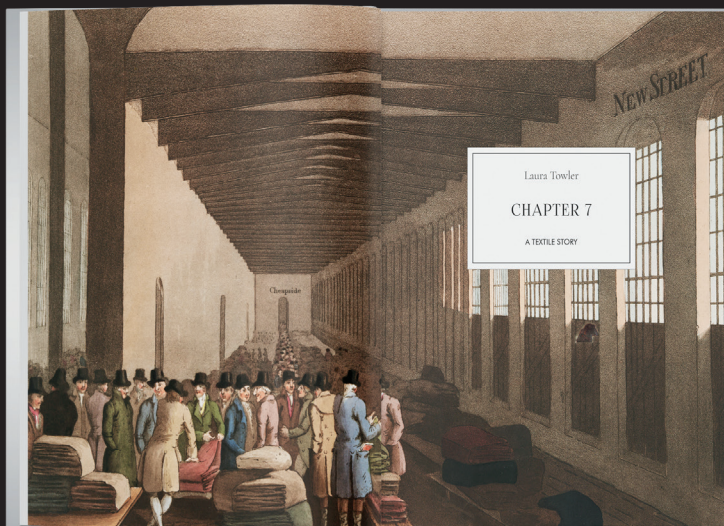
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[youtube.com/channel/UCkY8CvV8WQFe87CZGmvuYHA](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCkY8CvV8WQFe87CZGmvuYHA)

I really enjoyed researching and writing my part. I read a good handful of books in preparation for my essay so I felt like it was also a learning experience for me. I'm really looking forward to getting hold of a copy of *Folk* and reading everybody else's contributions. Many hands make light work. We can create some beautiful resources to counter the mainstream narrative if we all work together. It's also a great way to support business that are run by our guys. I think the book makes a great Christmas gift. I wrote about the textile industry in Yorkshire which must sound very boring to an outsider but the textile industry is basically the beating heart of my county. During the Industrial Revolution, Yorkshire was one of the largest textile manufacturers in the whole world. I got to write about the story of Yorkshire's working class population from the Industrial Revolution, through the days of the British Empire, and then during the decline from the end of the Second World War to the present day. I felt like I was telling the story of my people. A lot of my family members worked in textile mills. I'd definitely love to be involved in any future projects. I've only seen the finished product online so far but my copy should arrive in the post any day now. I can't wait to receive it!



Laura Towler is a Yorkshire-based political commentator, writer, entrepreneur and advocate for the British people.

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Being something of an organiser and producer of the book, I got to work alongside Tony Vermont, the publisher. I really saw how he approached the layout and visuals to make the book itself something special, something you could keep out in your house or give as a gift. The learning experience, how we both pushed one another, and seeing the project through from an idea to something tangible that you can hold in your hands was indeed very enjoyable and fulfilling. I also got to do something new in my creative repertoire, as I chose to write a short story for my own contribution to the book. It all started very simply when someone made an offhand suggestion that maybe getting several different content creators and activists to give their own thoughts on what it means to be a people could make for a good book. When my antenna goes up and I hear a good idea, I run with it. The concept fit nicely into my frame and direction of being on the front foot, doing things that are positive, inspiring, communicating things that give Western people back to ourselves, instead of merely reacting to the insanities of clown world. We are building a new culture for a new time, and different communities within larger societies to affect the direction of the West, so cross-pollination is vital, on both personal and professional levels. Though of course there's a time and place for everything. Some creative types need to shut off the world for a while and work on their own thing, then bring it back to the community. There's no obligation in any direction, but community and collaboration must be there, available for those who want it, when they need it. That's how anything has happened in history, and our Western instincts particularly driving us towards both communal experiences and individual expression. I intend to keep putting out high-quality and beautiful works for as long as I live, though book publishing isn't my field, this was more of an extracurricular for me. It's tremendously exciting to see how it came together, the various perspectives the writers offered, and how Tony from TWPP brought in his publishing know-how to make this book a work of art in itself.



Jared George is an American content producer creating a variety of media including music, livestreams, videos, poems, articles, and more.

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I very much appreciated being asked to contribute to this project because it was clear from the start that the organisers were professional and creative people motivated by a genuine love of their folk. At first I warned Tony that I am not an accomplished or eloquent writer, I can be quite crass and blunt. But he reassured me and gave me the creative freedom to speak in a way that felt natural to me. I think it is essential that likeminded people work together on projects like these. Not only does it create communities which can better amplify their voices, but it is also a good kick in the butt for procrastinators, like myself, who are most productive when they are given deadlines. I encourage everyone to either start or join a project, even if it is very small. Being asked to describe your folk is no easy task. We are conditioned to not even see ourselves as a people. And the only time I am ever asked "what it means to be Australian", it's a loaded question, it's snide, it's cynical, it's never genuine. Aussies are just Aussies. We know who we are and I'm sure you do too. So I feel no need to justify myself/ourselves. But I am more than happy to tell a few yarns about where we came from, what we did and where we are now. We have a great history, and I think, a great future. In our world of cheap, tacky, throw away, junk food, culture; I find it all the more wonderful to see this lovely hardcover coffee table book full of beautiful imagery and inspirational words, which will appeal to all ages. The final product exceeded my expectations. I hope it inspires more of our people to use their talents to rekindle the western spirit. Our folk are defined by love, beauty, creativity and passion. We must remind the world of this.



Lovely Porridge is an Australian social commentator and video producer.

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It's been quite a journey. The whole project started about a year and a half ago, Spring/early Summer of 2019, and it was with people that I hadn't done many projects with. All nice folks, of course, but I'm always skeptical in the early stages. I've been producing independent media (books, films, music, events) for a long time, and it's really hard to find people who will actually see a project through. Everybody has a good idea, but few have the drive and the vision to bring it to fruition. That's the hardest part. The first guy who had reached out to me regarding the project had to drop out not long after we first made contact, for completely understandable reasons. At that point, I wasn't sure if the project would see the light of day. Thankfully, Jared George and Tony Vermont took up the mantle. I've definitely enjoyed being part of the project, especially being in the company of so many brilliant, high agency creators. It's very heartening and moralising for people to see a group of us able to cooperate to create something beautiful like this book. Projects like these are the cornerstones we need for the rebuilding of our civilisation. And with each one we complete, we're able to kick things up a notch for the next one. I actually wasn't quite sure what I was going to write about initially. Of course, I'm inspired by our folk, but I didn't want to wax abstract about the meaning of being a folk. I wanted something more rooted. I talked to Tony about it and he clued me in on doing a specifically American piece. I had recently been discussing quintessentially American culture with a friend and we were reminded of Johnny Appleseed. It's a folktale that was very prevalent when I was a kid, but which has been muted as of late. I've become somewhat fixated on it, and am even writing a song with Johnny Appleseed themes called "Candy Apple Red." It seemed like the perfect subject to express the uniquely American bio-spirit, while recognising and respecting our broader connections to all of Westernkind. It was incredible to see the final product for the first time and I'm happy to see that it's generating a lot of energy and interest. When we started the project, Tony had just started doing layouts for books and he was still getting his legs under him. For him to go from being a newbie to creating this masterwork in the span of a year and a half truly is remarkable. And I can't say enough about what an honour it is to work with all of these creators. They are some of the very best in our sphere. I'm incredibly excited for people to get a copy. I've ordered four copies that I'm going to give to friends and family for Christmas. This is exactly the kind of project I've been pushing for since I started the White Art Collective. A wholesome, substantive, culturally-oriented work that is impossible to deny the quality of. I think these are the best possible optics and the best way to remind people how great our culture truly is, and how important it is that we preserve it and make it anew.



Jeff Winston is an American writer and musician, and the founder of the White Art Collective.

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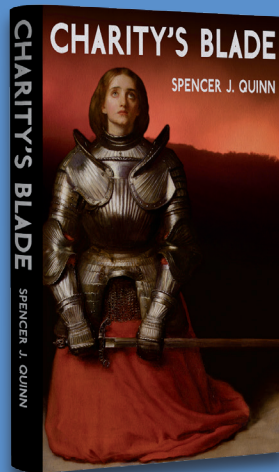


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The following piece is an excerpt from Spencer J. Quinn's new novel

Charity's Blade

In a dystopian twenty-first century, a second American Civil War has given rise to a white ethnostate in the American Northwest. Charity Keene loves her new nation, but with her young son dying of a rare disease, and with the world laying siege upon her people, she must shepherd him through the former United States to save his life. Her destination is a secretive commune which smuggles whites to safety in Eastern Europe, where there's a cure. But to get there she must cross a warzone and avoid US forces which would gladly kill her. Charity's only hope rests in putting her life and her son's life in the hands of former enemies who burden her with a near-impossible dilemma which she must resolve before it's too late.



Chapter 16: “The Crossroads of the West”

by Spencer J. Quinn

THE CRISP PAIN IN Charity’s lungs had actually started to feel good. More air seemed to be coming in and out of her now than a month ago, when she had moved to Salt Lake City hoping to find a diagnosis and possible cure for her son. Her heart no longer seemed so frantic. She was making less noise, too, with no more embarrassing gasps and heaves on every third stride. Her body began once again to feel like a symphony of health as it had in her youth, before Gabe, before the war. Most welcome, however, was that her thick, muscular legs no longer felt like hippopotamus appendages on these daily runs. Now they bristled with power and propelled her with speed and confidence, scoffing at whatever challenges distance or landscape could present.

Every day, after visiting Weston at the Bright Faces Children’s Hospital where he was undergoing extensive tests for his still as-of-yet undiagnosed condition, she ran from the house they rented in the Granger Heights neighborhood in West Valley City, Utah to State Route 171. She took this road west, then east, and then back home, with a mind to extend her distance each time. Shortly after arriving in SLC, her westernmost point never extended past Granger High School, and her easternmost never past the old Valley Fair Mall. Today, however, she was able to power westward to the post office and

northward to the elementary school for just over six miles, a personal record. As she approached the mall that morning, the white-capped Wasatch Mountains to the east seemed more like cliffs, looming over the valley as if they were about to fall in. The Oquirrh in the opposite direction gave a similar impression, making the great valley upon which the entire metropolitan area was situated seem wider and freer than it really was.

Strategic location and Mormon influence aside, she understood the real reason why the New Europeans made Salt Lake City their capital. Despite lying in a valley, it truly was the shining city on the hill, worthy of the first legitimate white ethnostate of the twenty-first century. “The Crossroads of the West,” as it was known. From a distance, it appeared almost as a living extension of the landscape, as if the valley needed to produce human civilization and chose the most aesthetic and economical way in which to do it. The people there, who were almost invariably friendly and always occupied with work or family, seemed to belong to the city as well as to the soil, the lake, and the surrounding mountains. Could anyone else have ever lived here? Could anyone other than these tough, far-sighted people of Europe have produced such a brilliant and enviable civilization?

The grandeur of her new surroundings

did not escape her. It was as if standing on the open plain and outstretching her arms were all she needed to do to converse with God. The line between what was Man’s and what was Nature’s shined in the slashing sunlight. There was never any doubt. What belonged to Man was state of the art, clean, useful, and almost always well-maintained. Or it was beautiful, like the Salt Lake Temple or the giant sculpture in Liberty Park commemorating the men who liberated Portland, Oregon during the war. In the one month she had lived there, construction on a new skyscraper had been completed. An old, ugly strip mall had been demolished and replaced with a bank, a vast trampoline gymnasium, and an upscale Japanese restaurant to celebrate Japan’s formal recognition of New Europa. A ten-story, rent-controlled apartment building for war veterans and their families had been erected only blocks from where she and Weston were staying in Granger Heights. Although it was on the other side of the city and Charity had not seen it herself, she knew that SLC’s third veteran’s hospital and treatment center had finally opened its doors to thousands of men and women across the country who were still suffering from wartime injuries or the cancerous effects of the widespread US apocalypto bombing.

Only the four dozen or so black defense



drones hovering above the city like overfed insects indicated that something wasn't right. New Europa was still at war, and its citizens still required constant protection. Missiles could come at any moment and from any direction. The world still sought their annihilation through atomic fire or through insidious placement of poison or contagion. Whites could no longer afford to place their trust in others. Only their martial vigilance and a cruel, masculine cynicism kept them alive—that, and an unfailing belief in themselves. For almost three years after the second cease-fire, there had been no

letup in attacks upon the city. Attempts to bomb it from orbit, to devastate it with dirty bombs, to poison its water supply, to contaminate it with toxic gas, to ram trucks filled with explosives into its buildings, and to crash airliners into its skyscrapers had nearly all been foiled by the New European Security Apparatus, or NESA. Several bomb attacks had gotten through the sky shield about a year after the war, killing hundreds and leveling almost an entire block downtown. The following autumn, a driverless van entered the parking garage underneath an office building. A day later, the bombs

inside were detonated remotely, causing the entire building to collapse in the middle of the work day, extinguishing nearly 900 lives. Despite several plausible leads, NESA never apprehended the perpetrators. Shortly after this attack, three white jihadists attempted to blow up a shopping mall but were shot to pieces by alert and well-armed citizens before they could detonate their suicide vests. One person was killed and three injured in the cross-fire. In the years since then, Salt Lake City had become one of the safest cities in the world, but the drones flying overhead and the near-ubiquitous NESA presence



on the streets were a constant reminder that that laudable distinction could end at any moment.

Charity slowed down to a brisk walk once she reached her street. Erica Sloan, her septuagenarian landlady, lived in a canary-yellow split-level house halfway down a secluded dead-end street. She had moved there with her now-deceased husband shortly after the war as part of the great population transfer. Coming from a conservative part of western Pennsylvania, they purchased the home from the government, replacing a second-generation Chinese-American family which had fled to California once hostilities began. The home was over a hundred years old, but well-kept, despite a rash of chipped paint on its side and a chimney beginning to crumble. It sported a wraparound screened-in porch, tiny front yard, and a two-car garage. The shrubbery and flowers lining the front were thriving and effected a striking relief of greens, yellows, and oranges beneath the

windows. At first, Charity took this sight for granted as just another realtor-worthy image, but after viewing it up close, began to appreciate the care and vision that went into assembling it. Erica Sloan's great passion was gardening, something that Charity instantly respected since she herself hardly gardened at all. Erica had been so welcoming to Charity and Weston—initially not charging them rent on account of Gabe and Charity's status as war veterans—that Charity sometimes buckled under the bittersweet burden of not calling this charming little domicile her home.

She had a home, after all, and so did

Weston, in Miles City. But the longer she spent away from it, the less she missed it—and the less she missed Gabe. These and other unwelcome thoughts seeped into her mind as she approached the house. Parked diagonally with its back left tire crossing the center line of the thin driveway, Gabe's big black pickup dominated the scene. He had arrived early. They had a meeting scheduled with the director of the Bright Faces Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City at 2:30 that afternoon. She was expecting him no sooner than one. Her device told her that it wasn't yet ten. How did Gabe get here so early? Miles City was at least eleven hours away. Did

he drive all night? Charity dreaded this possibility since she knew how belligerent Gabe got whenever he missed sleep. For Erica to see him this way would be mortifying.

A quick check of her device told her that Gabe had indeed attempted to contact her that morning while she was busy with her exercises. His message read that he had left before dawn the day before

“New Europa was still at war, and its citizens still required constant protection. Missiles could come at any moment and from any direction. The world still sought their annihilation through atomic fire or through insidious placement of poison or contagion. Whites could no longer afford to place their trust in others. Only their martial vigilance and a cruel, masculine cynicism kept them alive. . . .”





and instead of stopping at the halfway point in Butte like he usually did, he reached Idaho Falls by early afternoon. Idaho Falls was only three hours away, and Charity now had a feeling she knew why Gabe hadn't told her any of this ahead of time. Jackson, Wyoming was about a hundred miles east of Idaho Falls and the place where, between the cease-fires, an armed gang of New European veterans calling themselves the Kek Klux Klan had crucified eight Orthodox Jews who hadn't yet managed to escape the LPAT* [Louisiana Purchase And Texas]. They also nailed to the cross the Presbyterian pastor who had harbored them, along with his wife, and then burned the lot, broadcasting it live on the Internet. The perpetrators, who were predictably dissipated by alcohol and mind-altering narcotics, were larping as Klansmen in green sheets and hoods and could not stop laughing and gloating throughout. This hideous mass murder made international news and did much to sully the name of New Europa when the fledgling nation was desperately seeking loans in East Asia as well as a diplomatic end to the fighting. It's also the reason why

“Keksman videos and memes popped up on Gabe’s device all the time. So did literature, videos, and ads from several anti-Semitic organizations agitating for their release.”

two-thirds. People were just too disgusted to stay. It was rumored at the time that this, along with two copycat atrocities and the mass hanging of over forty race-mixing whites outside of St. Louis, Missouri in what became known as the first “mudshark forest,” may have helped cause the Manhattan Swindle, which extended the war another year and resulted in an additional 60,000 white deaths.

That the perpetrators had deliberately spared the children of their victims and had served honorably in the NE Armed Forces saved them from the death penalty. When their case made it to the NE Supreme Court less than a month after the war, the Court handed down life sentences to each man: solitary in some cases, hard time in others, and all without parole. Further, each was sent to a different prison within the 1.1 million of the LPAT. It was a popular

decision, with a sizeable and vocal minority advocating for the death penalty. According to polls, the percentage of New Europeans calling for the release and exoneration of these men never rose above five percent.

Although Gabe hadn't said it in his message, Charity suspected that he had trekked out to Jackson that previous afternoon to meet with the family members of some of these men. Charity knew he corresponded regularly with some of them—if he corresponded with any of the perpetrators themselves, he never told her. It wouldn't have been difficult in any case. Keksman videos and memes popped up on Gabe's device all the time. So did literature, videos, and ads from several anti-Semitic organizations agitating for their release. As with many New Europeans, it was something Charity could not stomach. More and more she found herself wishing she had known about Gabe's troublesome predilection for Jew-hate before she had married him.

She reminded herself that Gabe was her husband. Why was she so nervous to see him? After a minute, she gathered herself and entered through the open garage door. ■



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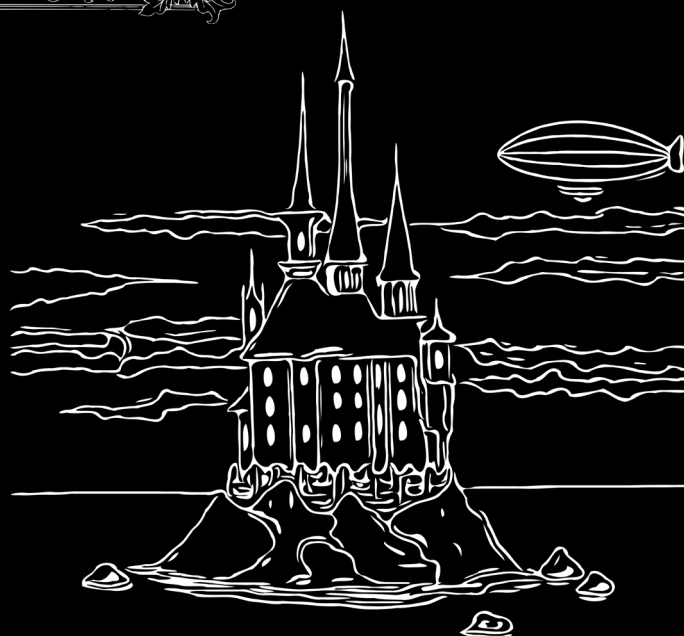
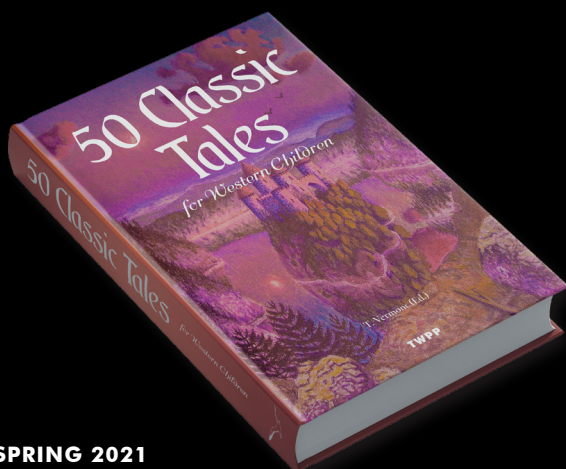
Spencer J. Quinn is an essayist and novelist living in the United States. He is a frequent contributor to Counter-Currents and the North American New Right. His first novel, *White Like You*, was published by Counter-Currents in 2018. He is also the author of the illustrated children's book, *My Mirror Tells A Story*, published by The White People's Press in October 2020. *Charity's Blade* by was published by Logik in November 2020.

50 Classic Tales

for Western Children



50 Classic Tales for Western Children contains all of our favorite historical folk and fairy tales, and will help immerse both children and adults in the West's rich history of storytelling. The fifty tales included in this compilation were carefully selected from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, Hans Christian Andersen, Aesop's Fables, the Brothers Grimm, Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, and others, and several stories cannot be found in other modern books due to their subject matter being deemed "politically incorrect" by publishers. Over 250 images and illustrations accompany the tales, drawing from the magical works of classic artists like Kay Nielsen, Arthur Rackham, Walter Crane, Maxfield Parrish, Edmund Dulac, Harry Clarke, Warwick Goble, Leonard Leslie Brooke, Paul Hey, Otto Kubel, Félix Lorient, Milo Winter, Otto Speckter, Heath Robinson, and many more.



Fring

By Jared George

*Bursting pennants
standing guard
against the glad inner courtyard,
revel in their newborn form.*

*A hazy day, and yet
still light.
A gathering, all life.*

*The herald sounds,
rings opulent
in way of supple melodies.*

*The center holds,
and we bow down,
and all is well,
I don my crown—
and yet, each here
knows fancy's flight.*

*I do, as well,
and in my might,
a servant
of the one and all;
I am the biggest
and most small.*

Jared George makes various media including music, livestreams, videos, poems, articles, and more. Please visit his site, TheGreatOrder.com, for a growing catalog of his projects and to find ways to support and become involved.

Artemisian aesthetic

Art & Design by J. LaDarc

Q&A

Who are your artistic inspirations, both today and in the past?

I find myself very inspired by the natural world and by music, particularly rivers, mountains, and rain. As far as music goes, my taste tends to match my work—modern, but with a large dose of classical inspiration. Artists that inspire me range from Caravaggio to modern abstract artists. I'm very drawn to brights on black.

How do you create your art? What is the process? What programs or styles do you use?

In all honesty my process is very sporadic and disorganized. Sometimes I will work first thing in the morning, and other times late at night. It all depends on when the idea strikes me

just right. I'll typically start with an entire concept already in mind. I can visualize the completed product. As I work, it always changes. The program I use most is Photoshop, but I enjoy painting as well.

What compelled you to insert yourself into the nationalist or white-positive art scene?

I have always been the creative type, drawing, crafting, and making things for as long as I can remember. I first became exposed to nationalism a few years ago during Trump's 2016 run. I was just a bystander at the time, but as I engaged in the arguments and ideas, I was increasingly convinced

by them. I began to see the world differently and question the values we are all raised with. Then the "fashwave" trend came around while I was still in school studying design and I thought to myself "Hey, I can totally do that!" At first it was just for fun, but as time went on, my skills increased, and I really began to develop my own style. People started to notice my work. I wanted to communicate with more like-minded people and now here I am.

What do you think are the greatest strengths of this scene, as well as its greatest weaknesses? What can and should we be improving upon?

I'd say our greatest strength is also our

"Hey, I can
totally
do that!"



📷 [artemisian_aesthetic](#)

📍 [t.me/jladarcexile](#)

greatest weakness. Most of us maintain a layer of anonymity. We are not a single entity with a clearly defined leader. We are scattered throughout the western world. This makes working together toward common goals more difficult and petty feuds more common. It also leads to a lot of people feeling lonely and isolated. At the same time, because we are largely anonymous carriers of ideas rather than an organized group, it makes it more difficult to pinpoint us. We are not tied directly to the destiny of any one individual or organization.

As for improvements, we could afford to

pay less attention to the arguments of the online realm and more to the real world around us and focus on ways to impact it in our people's interests. There are loads people doing just this, and we ought to help them more.

What do you hope to accomplish as an artist in the future?

I want my art to reach people in a way that speaks to them. I want them to feel a collective sense of racial belonging to the past, present, and future when they look at it. I'd like

to continue contributing my skills to people acting constructively and pushing thought-provoking ideas.

Who knows? Maybe someone out there bought a book because the cover I designed appealed to them. I guess you could say my main goal is to create as much work as possible to bring our people together culturally and contribute positively to the future we are trying to carve out for ourselves. ■



The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge, illustrations by Gustave Doré

1834

TO MY SURPRISE, only once has someone asked what the bird in our logo—right of the words “The White People’s Press” and on the spines of our books—is or means. *A seagull*, most must presume. But it is in fact an albatross. Why an albatross? Because the albatross is a metaphor for a psychological burden, something weighing you down, a curse, even—the *albatross around one’s neck*, as the saying goes. The metaphor derives from Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s poem “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” which revolves around a story told by an old man to a guest at a wedding. The story begins with a ship that is stuck in an ice storm until an albatross appears and leads the crew to safety:

*At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.*

One of the mariners, however, shoots the bird and kills it. He is initially harangued for this action, but when the weather warms up, the crew changes its mind, believing it was right to kill the albatross.

Soon after, though, the ship becomes cursed and haunted by spirits that direct it into uncharted waters, and the mariner is again blamed for this bad luck. His punishment: to wear the dead albatross around his neck:

*Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.*

Death and Life-in-Death play dice with the fates of the crew members, with the latter winning the ultimate prize of the mariner who killed the albatross. As the other crew members die off, the mariner is left among the spirits and corpses, enduring torture for days until he begins to appreciate the beauty in the things around him:

*A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.*

Following this transformation, the albatross falls from his neck.

*The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.*

The spirits then rise and steer the ship until the mariner sees in the distance his homeland. But the beaten-down ship begins to sink, and the mariner is left adrift until he is picked up by a hermit, whose son refers to him as “the Devil.” The mariner then makes it his duty to wander the earth, tell his story, and profess his guilt to all who will listen, such as the wedding guest, who is left stunned by the tale.

*A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.*

The albatross around our necks is our collective identity, which maintains a psychological grip over us as we are unable to identify positively with it. Like the mariner we wander, expressing our guilt over it to others. But the albatross is a great white bird of fortune that soars the open air, which is what we too should be, instead of the lonely mariner forever seeking salvation and forgiveness from strangers, eternally unable to overcome our guilt.

—THE EDITOR

ARGUMENT:

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—'
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,

For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

**At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.**

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

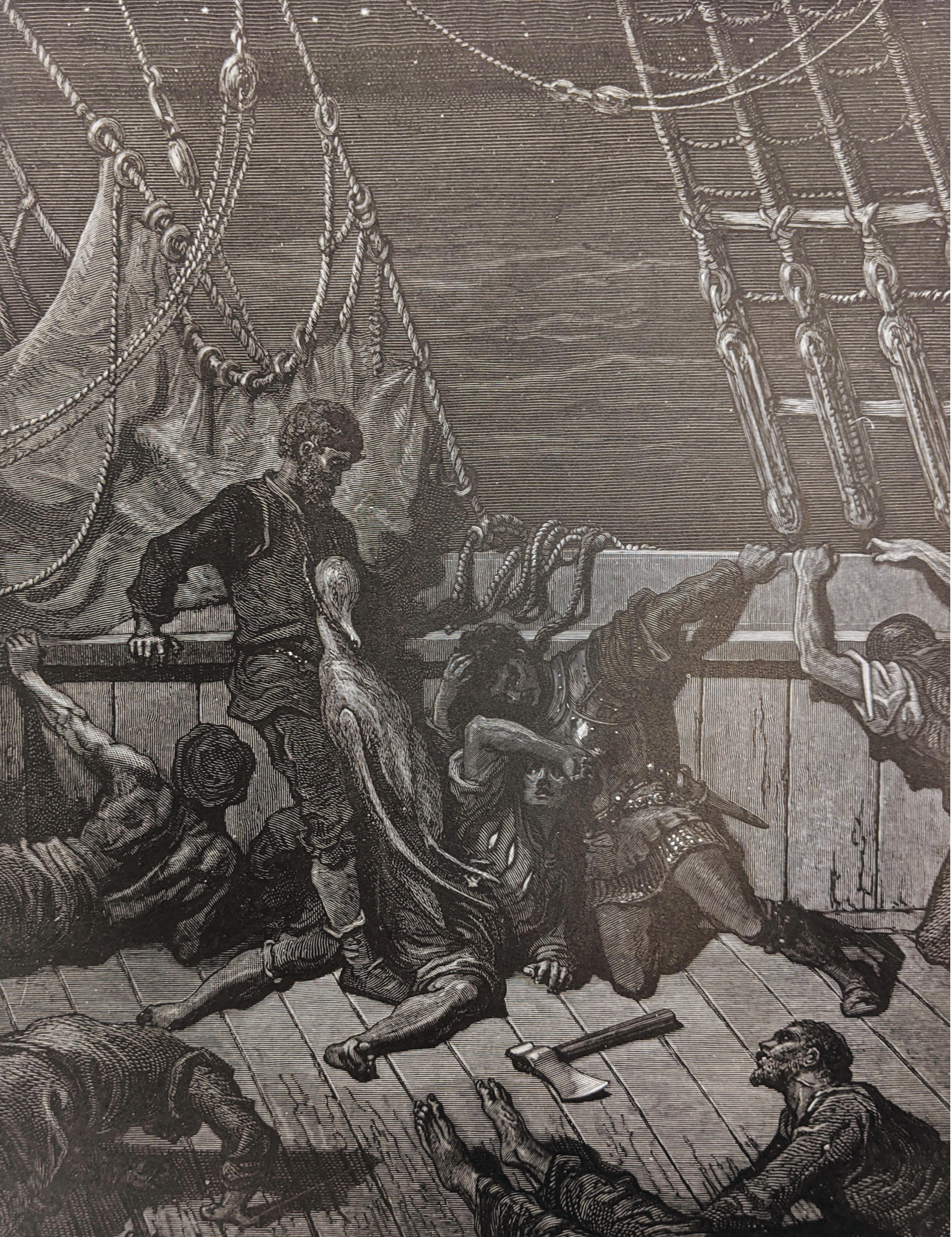
Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.









About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,

And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her *ribs* through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'—
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!



Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.
The many men, so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay dead like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.



The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.
The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,

**And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.**

Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.

The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—





What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First Voice

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road

Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:

I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres

That come from a far countree.
He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those
sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.
Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,

**The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.**





Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:

To him my tale I teach.
What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

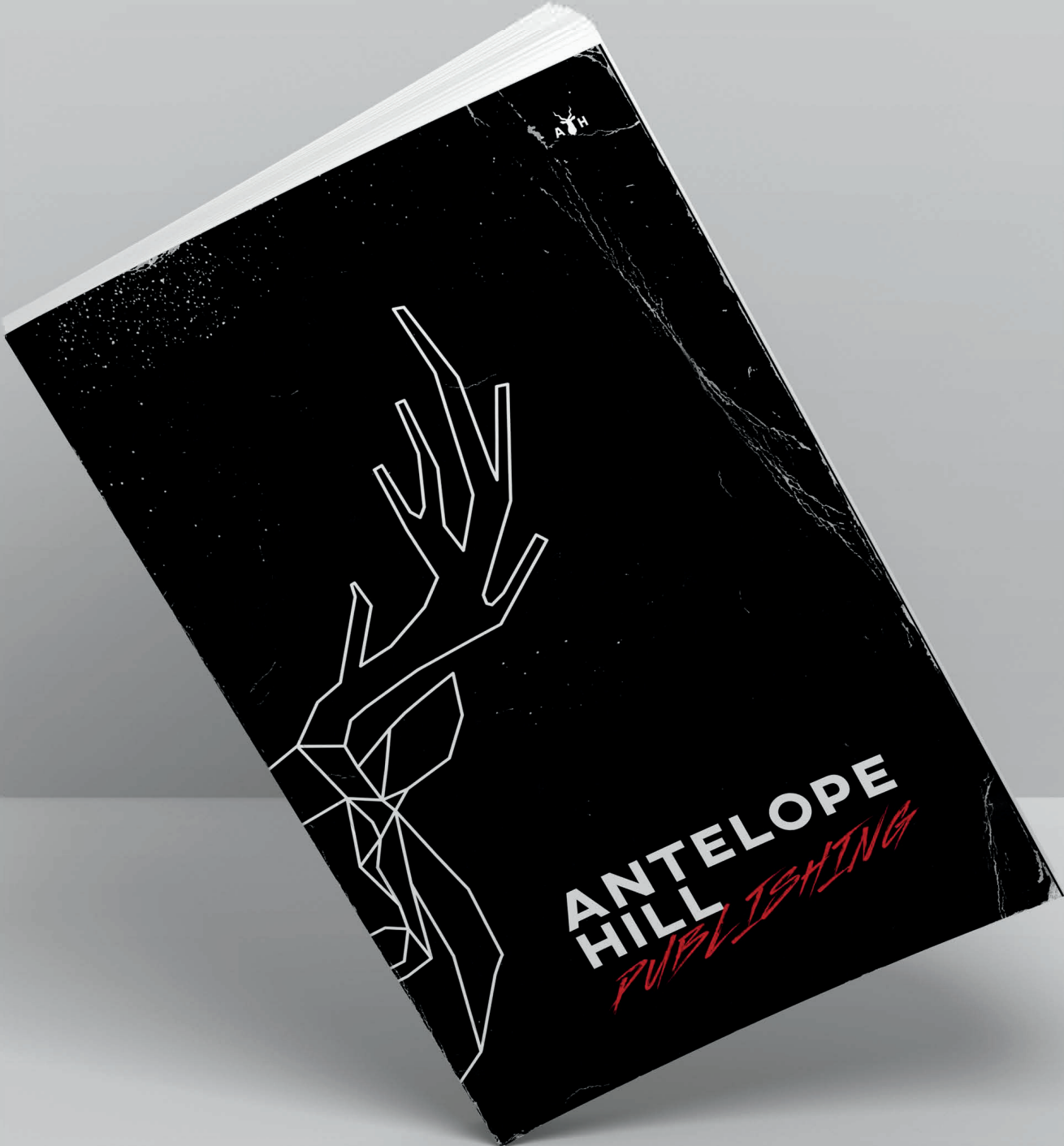
Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. ■

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